

## UNIVERSALIST AND LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1835.

AN ESSAY ON THE INFLUENCE OF  
UNIVERSALISM.

Original.

'For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.'—2 TIM. i. 7.

THE great distinction between true and false religion is, that the first has in view the inner, and the latter the outer man; the one is spiritual, and the other is ceremonial; the one is 'the hidden man of the heart,' and the other is a mere outward covering.

Christianity we regard as the perfection of religion, and its grand and distinguishing beauty is in the happy effect it has over the inner man; giving energy to the moral powers, purity and expansion to the affections, and strength and soundness to the mind.

This spiritual power constitutes one of its chief claims on men to receive, support, and defend it; to regard it as the genius of peace, harmony, and bliss to society; as the sun of the moral and intellectual world.

When the pride of over-wise man offers other systems to the consideration of men, let them be brought side by side with christianity—uncorrupted truth; and then contrast their spiritual, moral, and intellectual power; let this be invariably the question to be decided—Which has the greatest power to make men better, wiser, and happier—to make more firm and active the living principle of holiness, which is, the desire to do good, to expand and purify the affections, and enlarge, invigorate, and strengthen the mind?

Such is the only true standard—the only sure criterion to judge of the merit of a system of religion, and its claims on man for reception. To this test we are willing to, yea, and will, bring the doctrine we in simplicity advocate, and fear not the result, for truth knows not fear, as it is the guardian angel of confidence.

The doctrine of ultimate perfection of all in love, purity and bliss, we regard as the spirit, not of fear, 'but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind;' and in the same ratio that men depart from this doctrine, they approach that of fear, and forsake the all-strengthening, purifying, and elevating spirit of truth.

This we shall endeavor to prove; and to strive to impart that conviction which we have, which is, that the endless wretchedness of a part of the spiritual Father's children, is a doctrine which is not, never was, and never can be, the 'spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind;' but the opposite; being emphatically 'the spirit of fear.'

Before we proceed to do this, it may be well to state unequivocally what we regard to be the truth of God—uncorrupted christianity.

We believe in the unity, supremacy, providence,

moral perfection, and eternal love of God. That he, having all knowledge to know, all wisdom to devise, all goodness to influence, and power almighty to effect, did from all eternity purpose to gather in Christ every child of his creation, and render them ultimately pure, loving, and happy. We believe that holiness and happiness are inseparably connected; and that no one can lose the reward of performing from the heart a good act, nor escape the punishment of an evil one; and that all punishment under the divine government is a means, not an end, which purposes the ultimate good of the subject. We believe that we are bound by gratitude to God, by our connection in society, by our own interests and happiness, to live the life of the 'pure in heart,' to practice good works, for they are profitable unto men.

This doctrine we believe to be 'the spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind;' the spirit of confidence and trust, and not of fear and doubt; and now will endeavor to bring it to the before-mentioned test, and contrast its happy effects with that of the system which teaches the endless wretchedness of a part of mankind.

May the truth be spoken in love; and the ready ear hear—the memory retain—the candid mind consider, and the heart receive the convictions of the understanding.

Our purpose leads us into three divisions, which are, First. The influence of our faith in giving power to the moral principles—in imparting energy to the will in its pursuit after moral excellence—after the perfection of Christ.

Second. Its influence on the affections, in purifying them from all base passions—corrupting appetites, and vicious propensities; elevating them to God, Christ, and heaven; and expanding them that they may love their neighbor, seek his good, and be kindly affectionate toward all.

Third. Its influence in giving a sound mind; enlarging, strengthening, elevating, and invigorating the intellect, or understanding; giving a lofty action to its powers.

First, then, we are to speak of our faith's influence on the moral powers. What then does our doctrine offer to strengthen and prompt to exercise the moral faculties? We answer, it holds up as a reward, the grateful and happy sense of having performed the commands of duty, and the consciousness of having a priceless treasure in the possession of virtue and holiness. It would impress the mind with a deep conviction of the inestimable value of holiness in itself considered; it would awaken that living principle of virtue that prevents the man from fostering any propensities that are not associated with moral things—that do not tend to animate him on in his pursuit after excellence.

Christianity, as we view it, calls on her subjects



to act from principle; from the love to do good; making 'duty their end, and virtue their treasure;' and not to obey her dictates from fear of punishment if they disregard them; one is a happy freeman's service, but the other is a slavish, irksome performance.

The true christian rapturously admires the sublime beauty of the character of the great exemplar, Christ, and his soul is filled with aspirations after the same excellence; every energy of the mind is awakened and exercised to this end, remembering the master's words, 'If you love me, keep my commandments.'

The mind that fosters a real admiration of the character of Jesus Christ, and who cherishes a sincere affection for moral excellence, will give acquiescence to the truth, that the doing of good is pre-eminently its own reward, that no man can deprive him of; he bows to the truth of the wise man's words, 'the good man shall be satisfied from himself,' and with this conviction the inner man becomes consecrated to virtue—a living temple to the genius of good—the spirit of power to the desire and attainment of moral excellence.

Now the doctrine of endless woe cannot be such a spirit of power to the moral principles; it has not in itself any thing to awaken such a love to do good, but holds endless misery up, as the barbarian's lash over his slave, and the cry is, work, or torture is thy doom.

It comes to man the very genius of fear—unutterable fear, for thus stands the case between God and man: 'Adam sinned, and entailed the wrath of God on all his posterity; this wrath is endless misery, and the practice of holiness will save us from that woe.' Thus wrath is over us; an almighty spirit of evil around us; endless tortures are beneath us; and we must keep running in the path of holiness, lest that wrath should come upon us, that evil spirit claim us, and his infernal agents drag us to those tortures. If a conviction that such is the danger of man is not calculated to fill the mind with terror, fear, and alarm, we know not what is. With such a conviction, the end is, to escape this danger, by doing right, and therefore the practice of virtue is a mere expedient for safety—a tower-of-Babel system—a mercenary, slavish service.

Again, it denies that any one can be a good man, unless he goes with them who uphold it; and that all moral excellence weighs nothing in the scale of character, unless it is connected with a belief in endless misery for the ungodly; thus it makes the practice of virtue nothing of itself meritorious, but its commendation depends entirely on this belief, and condemns the virtuous, benevolent, and wise unbeliever in that doctrine to unending woe; while, with no other qualifications than a mere expression of belief in their system, they would adjudge him endless bliss.

We here are at variance. We assert that there is an intrinsic value in virtue; we honor it wherever we find it, in Jew or Gentile, and adjudge it the approving smile of heaven, and encourage its cultivation in all, assuring them that whatever may be their belief in reference to the final destiny of man, yet 'in keeping the commandments there is great re-

ward,' for God hath said, 'great peace have they that keep my law.'

Again, the doctrine of endless woe is detrimental to the practice of true virtue, as it places the punishment of wrong-doing at a mighty distance, and yet makes even that uncertain, as a few words may at the hour of death free his mind from every fear, who has lived a long life of guilt and wretchedness; a few words expressive of penitence for former guilt, faith in the Savior, and hope of pardon, will free him from punishment of his sins, and give him a title to heaven.

Now by this hope of at last escaping punishment, and by the oft repeated eulogies on the pleasures of sin, and the difficulties of righteousness, the blind sinner is cheered on in his wickedness; the effect is so far removed from the cause; the punishment so far from the commission of the sin, that the hands of the doer are strengthened, and his mental eyes blinded to his own peace, interests, and happiness. The ancient preacher echoes to what we assert—Eccl. viii. 11. 'Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.'

Now the doctrine we uphold declares that 'he that doeth wrong, shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, and there is no respect of persons;' and 'though a sinner do evil a hundred times, and his days be prolonged, yet surely we know that it shall be well with them that fear God.'

With the view we have of the divine administration of rewards and punishments, we hold that there is no escape from the receiving of the punishment due to wrong-doing, and that our peace, our interests, our love of good, and the claims that the divine beneficence has on our gratitude, all, call upon us to 'do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God.' And that this doctrine is pre-eminently the spirit of power to the moral man we are ready to defend; well calculated is it to act powerfully on the secret springs of action in the human breast; so that the effect may be, the manifestation of a virtuous, benevolent, and godly life.

We would make duty the end sought for, and identify with duty the happiness of man, saying with the apostle, 'Who will harm you if ye be followers after good?' And 'if ye love life and would see good days, refrain the tongue from evil, and the lips that they speak no guile; eschew evil, and do good; seek peace, and ensue it.'

The soul that has become deeply imbued with the spirit of him whose meat and drink was to do the spiritual Father's will, finds no greater joy than that which flows from the consciousness that the treasure of virtue is increasing—that the moral powers are strengthened more and more as with firm step he marches on in the high road to virtuous excellence—the attainment of great good.

Holiness is the great beauty of the christian character; and we are called on by that system to make ourselves pure—holy as our master was holy in his actions while on earth. But, that we may know the true ground of holiness, we will speak of it as it relates to the Supreme Being, the source of all goodness and love.

The Divine Being is holy from a love of holiness,



if we may so speak; righteousness is so congenial to his nature, that he delights in it; and therefore as the holiness which he requires man to possess is the same which he possesses, it must be excited in man on the same principle; man in order to possess righteousness, to act righteously, must love righteousness, and as this love increases, his righteousness will increase; God having an infinite love of righteousness, hath an infinite holiness of character. We are bid as christians to imitate God; God then is not holy from fear of punishment, but from love of holiness; we should therefore act upon the same principle; we should love virtue for herself alone: then shall we have the spirit of true moral power; an holy enthusiasm for excellence, and a hungering and thirsting after righteousness; then, and not till then, we shall be kings over our own passions, the most rebellious of subjects, and every inclination will be the servant of holiness and love.

2. We are to speak of our faith's influence on the affections. It comes to them not the spirit of fear, but of true love, yea, if the whole system were to be summed up in one word, that word would be LOVE. And it is the Creator's law of our nature, that by exercise all the energies of the mind and heart will become enlarged, strengthened, and healthy, when that exercise is associated with moral things; hence that system which holds up to faith's bright and penetrating eye the final happiness of all—every child of creation purified and made members of the same one family, must necessarily tend more to expand the affections, than that system which declares that a part of mankind will be eternally sinful and miserable; for the one gives a far wider field for the exercise of the affections than the other—the one meets the holiest aspirations, and the most enlarged desires of the human heart, while the other contracts them, and puts chains on the prayers for the final holiness and bliss of all, lest by cherishing those desires too fervently they sin against God.

The spirit of love, that through the faith once delivered to the saints operates on the affections, is most expansive in its nature, and unsearchable in its operations; unsearchable, because none can search out its beginning, its extent, its efficacy, or its duration—none can measure, fathom, or limit, its height, depth, length, and breadth.

It comes to man from God; and the influence of the power of this doctrine on the affections, causes the believer to seek the happiness of individuals, and limits not his love till it has embraced the whole race of man, and would grasp the happiness of a world.

It would bury in oblivion the criminal extravagances of the passions, caused by limited knowledge of good and evil, ignorance of the best good, and look forward with unclouded eye to a time when every intelligent creature shall be freed from the vanity of this state of being, and be purified, strengthened, and made holy by the omnipotent power of divine love; and believing thus, it would now teach men to humble every rash and cruel principle to the supreme sway of sympathetic love; and to this end, it presents for imitation a God and Savior of undying and universal love; and teaches that the tears we shed for the evils of this life, are but dews of the soul's

morning, on which the all-radiant sun of divine love will shine, and cause to be fertilizing to the growth of the spirit's joy.

Endless misery as a system stands in opposition to these truths, and therefore hath not the same beneficial power over the affections, but is the spirit of fear to them, as we shall prove; it contracts the affections, and destroys much of the bliss of the believer.

First. The source of religious affections is, all will allow, love to God; this is the first and great command. How then shall this affection be excited in the human breast? We answer, on rational grounds, the same as the affections are awakened toward and fixed on man.

What causes us to love moral excellence in man? We answer, 1. It is lovely in itself, and it is a common prompting of our nature to love what is truly lovely. 2. Its operations are lovely and good; benevolent, generous, and beneficial; and 3. Its end is lovely and good, and does not seek to bring about a result which it knows is evil.

Apply these answers to the question, how is love excited toward the Deity? The doctrine we advocate teaches, 1. God is love, altogether lovely; 2. His operations are all in love and good, and though the means may apparently be evil, yet the result will be good; witness the case of Joseph; and 3. The end of all his doings will be in love, and be good; no evil will remain, all will be holiness and happiness; and a deep conviction of these truths operating on the affections will be omnipotent in causing the heart to beat in love toward the spiritual Father, and in brotherly kindness toward his every child.

The opposite doctrine cannot thus excite love, but can only command that we love God, without showing a character that is lovely, operations that are lovely, or an end of all things that is lovely, but the reverse.

1. It teaches that we are all in danger of endless woe; and, 2, that a part of mankind will be endlessly wretched; and makes it the great business of this life to secure a right to deliverance from the tortures of the future world, and admittance to the joys of heaven.

Now when we hear these tortures described, our exposure to them asserted, their eternity dwelt upon, and the declaration made that every hope of deliverance may hang on the brittle thread of a moment's time, the questions come up with overwhelming energy, for what good end were they designed by a God of love? What was the influencing principle that caused 'Our Father' to design such tortures for his children? O where, where had love flown to, when, with the eye of all knowledge, Omniscience penetrated futurity to the end of time, and approving saw countless millions rolling, screeching, and cursing in unutterable, never-ending agony?

Such a God the benevolent heart cannot love; fear may cause the lip to declare love, but the heart is roaming for something on which it may build a hope that such is not the Supreme of the universe; the soul shrinks back in horror on itself at the thought of the good God of all things exerting his power to awake thousands on thousands from the quiet sleep of the tomb, for the express purpose of making them endlessly miserable; the wretched mother who stabbed her daughter, that her child might not know the



pangs she had endured, had more love than such a God.

Again, endless misery is the spirit of the evil one to harden the sympathetic feelings; for when a parent is first converted to that faith, ere she has thrown off all the sympathies of humanity, how alarmed is she for the future welfare of her children; and when she hears the doctrine of endless wrath proclaimed, she looks with all a mother's tenderness upon them, and unutterable are the agonizing feelings of her bosom conjured up by the fear that her children will be partakers of that woe—many are the tearful hours of wretchedness that such mothers have passed. Time rolls on; and her faith is perhaps strengthened; and there she sits with her unconverted children around her, unmoved in look or feature, while eternal flames, unending tortures, and never-dying agonies, are declared to await the sinner—the unconverted to their faith; all the eloquence that fiends could desire is employed to bring before fancy's eye a place where eternal smoke is rising, through which we look and see millions, with the same feelings that we possess, on beds of fire with infernal beings tormenting them; their screeches are in vain—no mercy is there for them; infinite love is now limited; and the speaker cries to all who are unnumbered with his church to come, and he will save them, perhaps tomorrow will be too late.

There, still unmoved sits the mother; not a tear is in her eye; not a desire is in her heart; not a prayer is on her lips, and not a thought is directed toward her children. Spirit of Love! where has her affection flown? It is gone to make way for feelings like those her God possesses.

Again, this doctrine is 'the spirit of fear' to thousands who without it would be happy beings; and this misery is caused by its operations on the affections. Witness for instance the believing wife who has an unbelieving, sinful companion; she cannot forget that he was once virtuous, and that he was worthy in her eyes when she gave to him her heart's young affections; but the genius of infamy has passed over, and cast its mantle upon him; many are her hours of wretchedness, and she takes up as comforters some dissertations on the doctrine she has been taught to believe; but they are like Job's comforters; they all send such characters as her companion to the abode of never-ending despair. She looks forward to the end of time, and imagines a time when an eternal separation must take place, and she must be witness to the sentence that dooms him to eternal woe.

There is no human language that can furnish thrilling words expressive of her sorrow—the eye of Omniscience can alone read it. But there comes a smiling angel clothed in the white robes of truth—on her brow is a rosy crown in which sparkles three peerless jewels, Faith, Love, and Hope, and in her hand she bears a bruised reed, emblem of sustaining tenderness, and with it she points to the volume of inspiration, which opens, and presents to the weeping eyes that now glisten through their tears, the glorious words of truth—'the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.' 'It is sown in corruption,

it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.' Joy unspeakable flows from such truths; they are the oil of comfort for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; they come, the spirit of peace, over the troubled waters of the soul; they put a new song into the mouth, a strong hope into the heart, and give an everlasting consolation to the sorrowing breast.

To believe that God is altogether and unchangeably lovely, and that he will finally make all perfect in purity, love, and bliss, is the best system for the affections.

3. Our faith's influence on the intellect commands our attention; and here we must be very brief. Christianity, as we view it, is the very spirit of energy, soundness, and enlargement to the mind; it makes virtue the pre-eminent good of man, as that animates him on to obtain moral excellence, and from such pursuits flow the most exquisite pleasures; yea, there is no true lasting enjoyment separated from moral good.

The doctrine we advocate frees the mind from the enthralling chains of superstition, and leaves reason monarch of her rightful domains. It does not mystify, and render incomprehensible essential truths, that it may demand the unreserved belief of man; it proclaims the truth that belief is not voluntary—it is not a free act of the mind, and therefore it does not denounce a fearful punishment against that which is involuntary, but leaves its arguments to the calm notice and consideration of the understanding, permitting reason to exert her utmost powers in canvassing them, that she may prove that which is good, and be enabled to understandingly hold fast to that which is thus proved.

Let the mind unshackled exert its own powers in reference to the truth of endless misery, and the system would fall at once; where superstition abounds, there belief in that doctrine triumphs; and even in our midst a superstitious feeling is considered necessary to obtain religion, which is looked upon as a supernatural something that mysteriously affects the heart in an undefinable manner; and until this mysterious something has operated on the heart, the creature is not qualified to understand the scriptures, and therefore is called upon to believe before he knows what to believe.

Christianity we believe, and assert, leaves reason as free as the mountain air; the truths which she makes essential to our happiness—which are needed to give us a strong hope, a living faith, and guide our feet in the way of wisdom, are simple and easily comprehended by reason's unassisted powers.

Man may place flaming swords before the new tree of life, but the spirit of truth disdains, and rebukes his officiousness, and cries, 'search the scriptures, for they are they which testify of me.'

Truth and love are the great ends of the desires of the mind and heart, and to encourage the search after them, the great Creator has decreed that the more exquisite shall be the delight, the more they are attained, and the spirit of free inquiry that is now abroad in our land, is the chief animator to the pur-



suit after truth; how many illusions has it scattered; how many agonizing sighs has it hushed; and how pale, poor, and sickly has it made dame superstition, yea, now sick unto death; no longer do men enjoying the benefits of education, literature, science, and the gospel, imagine that evil spirits are in every dark cloud, inhabiting the woody depth, and speaking in every rude blast, and in the thunder's peal; reason has triumphed over superstition, and man recognizes a beneficent divinity presiding over nature, which obeys his will.

How many noble intellects has the iron weight of the fear-begotten system, endless misery, crushed! How many wretched maniacs has it made! How many victims have bled on the scaffold, the rack, and on the block, to satisfy the malevolent appetites of warriors for endless misery! A few holy and lofty spirits have nobly struggled, and the spirit of fear no longer reigns triumphant; intolerance no longer has the scaffold for her heretics; nor the block for her enemies; and rapidly the genius of mental freedom is moving over the religious world, making the way straight for the reception of the king of truth, and the voice is heard, God alone shall reign over the mind.

The best treasures, and the highest enjoyments, are of the mind; and the Creator has so constituted our intellectual being, that in following out conjectures to conclusions—in searching for truth, and refining it from error, the mind kindles as by magic to press onward, and grants a rich and pure pleasure to our understandings; and the consciousness of being in the possession of more truth—of gaining more gleams of divine wisdom, elevates the mind, and gives it pure enjoyment; therefore in order to engage the intellectual man in a work of research and study, that work or study must afford him pleasure, else he will abandon it, or be a slave to the employment.

The more elevated the subject, the more refined is the pleasure of the understanding in attending to it; hence revelation has universally been deemed a source of the most ravishing intellectual enjoyment; but how fiendish must be that joy, if there is any, that flows from deducing new proofs, or gaining imagined arguments in support of the soul revolting doctrine of eternal woe; the mind which can derive pleasure from such a source is ripe for the office of tormentor in the hell of his own wicked imagination.

The enlightened philosophy of our day when employed in reference to the phenomena in nature, stops not in its research, nor gains the source of pleasure, till it has discovered not only the why and wherefore, but traces out benevolence—the goodness of the Deity in every operation in nature. God's works all harmonize; shall we then believe that we have obtained the right understanding of any portion of the scriptures of truth, till we have traced out some benevolent purpose—good end? We should ever keep before our eye the declaration of John—'God is love'—that we may have a light to guide us; remembering that the being and character of God are the foundation of all true religion, and hence all his works, declarations, and doings must be harmonious with the spirit of love; our faith and knowledge are lacking in fulness till we thus view, adore, and love

God—to know him rightly we must see love wherever we trace his footsteps.

What more glorious employment can man be engaged in than searching the scriptures, when the sun of divine truth has illuminated his mind with the knowledge that the will, and purpose, and pleasure of the Father, in the Son, is to gather all in one, and make them partakers of eternal life, holiness, love, and bliss? The doctrine of woe is a crushing weight on the intellect, and a cloud of sorrow and torment before the sun of joy; and as imagined proofs increase, the receiver's grief increases.

Not so with the truth; joy on joy increases with the strengthening faith in ultimate universal purity and bliss. The searching of the scriptures then, is like the miner who has struck a rich vein of gold, and the farther he progresses the purer, broader, and more extended he views the golden path, and only sighs because he has not power to gain it all, nor store-house large enough to retain it. Yes, reading the scriptures with such elevated and honorable views of God and his designs, is happyfying indeed, and proofs on proofs glisten before the eye, and reach the heart, penetrating to the understanding; and become like the rich notes of the full-toned anthem which strike on the ear, and engage the mind and heart till every thought, feeling, and emotion, is baptized in the stream of harmony; and purified from all that is sensual and earthly, the soul is elevated, ay, till fancy's ear catches the glorious notes of seraphic melody that float to the cherubic-circled throne where rests the spirit of omnipotent love.

The truth of God—the doctrine of universal love and purity, is a mirror in which is reflected the beauties of the adorable and perfect character of the Most High; we there see love that never fails; wisdom that is unerring, and knows no contingencies; power that is almighty and omnipotent; and goodness that pervades, and enliveneth all things; and a strong and living faith in this doctrine will give a mighty energy to the moral powers; purification and expansion to the affections; and elevation, strength and soundness to the mind; scattering all fear; and making the heart the temple of love; the mind the abode of truth; and God the supreme object of the affections.

It holds out no inducements to sin by asserting that repentance can save from the merited punishment; but teaches that virtue alone is bliss in this state of being, which we should cherish as the children of a holy Parent. This doctrine can alone insure the prayer of benevolence, and the holy aspirations of our better nature, that fervently desires the happiness of all; and there is no vice that it has not a tendency to weaken, and no virtue, either individual, domestic, social, or religious, that it does not strengthen; and beside it there is no true comforter at the solemn hour of death.

Then may we cherish this doctrine of truth; and taking Christ for our captain—the scriptures as chart and compass—reason as pilot, and laboring thought as men, our fleshy ship will be wafted down the sea of life by the soft breathings of the holy spirit; having the strong cable of faith, at whose



end is the sure anchor hope, we shall, free from fear, sail safe to the harbor of eternal love—the haven of peace. B\*.

East Cambridge, Mass. 1835.

#### DEDICATION OF AN ALBUM.

Original.

ON these unsullied leaves fond ones will write—  
The glowing wishes their warm hearts indite;  
And friendship's hand with words to memory dear,  
Will twine a wreath of fadeless flowers here.

When time shall touch thy locks and turn them gray,  
And steal the roses from thy cheek away;  
Then thou wilt find thy treasured album lends,  
Some loved mementos of thine early friends.

Sweet memory then will come—with visage bright,  
To bid thee linger o'er each past delight—  
And softly touching the electric chain  
Which gives us back our sunny days again.

Here shalt thou see as in a magic glass,  
The forms beloved in youth before thee pass—  
And time himself retrace his tireless track,  
To bring their faces and their voices back.

Choice be its pages then—may none intrude  
Their heartless compliments, or flat'ry rude;  
But with sweet tokens be it ever blest—  
From cherished friends—the truest and the best.

Hartford, Ct. 1835.

M. A. D.

#### GLORY AND DESIGN OF CHRISTIANITY.

Original.

THE pre-eminent glory of Christianity is in its efficacious power of purifying the affections and ennobling and exalting the human mind. Delivering the recipient from this present evil world; causing him to rise superior to being affected by its base and degrading influences, and at all times to soar amid the free, and morally healthy air of truth and holiness.

That this is the design of Christianity seems to be taught in these words:—'Who gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father.' Gal. i. 4. Deliverance from 'this present evil world' is its noble end. Yet all will not receive this simple truth; it is too plain, too comprehensive, and too simple for them. They want it robed in mysterious garments, its design concealed by a veil; and thus they keep many from entering the holiest of holies—from knowing ought concerning the peerless glories of its true character, and they soon become numbered with those who are 'ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.'

But Christ came not to please men. His mission was from God, and he executed it with fidelity. And it is our hearty belief, that no truth has been so mystified, and shrouded in darkness by the ingenuity of

man, as that of the true nature and design of Christ's mission. It is melancholy to cast a glance over the history of the religious world, even for a few years only, and see how much misery, absolute wretchedness, mental agony and madness, have been caused solely by the corruptions of this one simple truth—the design of Christianity.

Though from the opening to the close of the eventful history of our Lord and Master, there is one harmonious train of testimony directed to one end, that he came and revealed his religion to save men from their sins,—yet some venturesome minds, in their daring boldness, have set their imaginations at work, and have conjured up a far different doctrine; more poetry than truth.

They assert, that Christ came to save us from the wrath of an incensed God, and from a place of endless torment, in the unseen, not in the 'present world.'

This doctrine is, in our mind, destitute of the least claim to scripture proof, and is repugnant to the holiest feelings—and all the benevolent affections of the human heart—libellous on the character of God.

First. It controverts the plain testimony of the bible, by making the deliverance to be from the 'unseen world,' not 'from this present evil world.' Second. It falsifies the character of God, as it supposes him to be wrathful toward his children, when we are assured that he commendeth his love toward us even while we were yet sinners. Third. It supposes that God has prepared, designedly, a place of torment for a portion of his children, where mercy comes not, and where sympathy is not known; when we are told by the psalmist, that 'his tender mercies are over all his works,' and 'his mercy endureth forever and ever.'

The beloved disciple, John, assures us that 'God is love;' and James tells us that 'known unto God were all his works from the beginning of the world;' and the prophet Isaiah declares that 'the Almighty will do all his pleasure.'

The nature of God being love, love must be the vivifying principle of all his attributes; love must be in all his designs, and his pleasure cannot be aught else than the determination to conform his creatures at last to his character; to unite them all in love, and render them happy indeed.

He being love, having all wisdom to know and devise, all power to execute, and all goodness toward his creatures to influence him, we cannot for a moment doubt the final and eternal happiness of all men through Jesus Christ our Lord.

With this belief abiding in us, we are prepared to meet all calamities; and confiding with filial confidence in the overruling providence of Almighty God, we utterly, unequivocally, in toto, both in premises and conclusions, reject the doctrine of endless torment, as being dishonorable to God, as robbing Christ of his glory, and depriving man of his best comforter.

The design of the birth, life, and ministry of Christ were announced to his mother before his birth. The angel of the annunciation declared to her the message of God, 'Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins; and truly



has Paul declared, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' Peter hath also proclaimed, 'God having raised up his son Jesus, sent him to bless you, in turning away every one of you from his iniquity;' and thus it is proved that in truth Christ gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God, which is 'the restitution of all things, spoken of by the mouth of all God's holy prophets since the world began.'

Thus Christ was to be a moral physician—the purifier of the heart, the cleanser from all defilement, and the exalter of the human mind to its true dignity, energy, and strength. Such is the character given him by all the sacred writers; 'he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,' to bless sinners by turning them away from their iniquity, unto virtue, holiness, and God.

Many conceive it to be degrading the character of Christ, to say that he came 'to deliver us from this present evil world;' they consider the evils to which men are exposed in the unseen world, to exceed to a terrific amount, the evils of this world; and hence they consider his glory to consist in his delivering us from those imagined evils.

But we are 'fully persuaded in our own mind' that they err, and look with a diseased eye upon the subject. What greater blessing could he confer on mankind than freedom from sin? Is not that releasing us from the great cause of the misery and wretchedness so prevalent in our world? Is not vice the most tyrannical and degrading power in the universe, claiming a mighty number of subjects? And can a more glorious title or nobler end be ascribed to Christ, than is embraced in the phrase, 'Savior from sin,' 'Deliverer from iniquity.'

What is it but sin that has marred the brilliancy of this fair world, sent clouds over the sun of the spiritual universe, quenched stars from the moral heavens, and dimmed the image of God on the human mind? Ay. Sin is man's worst foe, his most fearful enemy, and well for him if he learns to conquer him, to crush with an iron heel the hydra-headed monster.

Religion has been too long held up as the giver of a foreign good—as delivering from a foreign evil, and relating more to the unseen than to the present world. Men have passed by the evils of this world—shut their eyes to the startling realities around them, and spent their strength in warring against an imaginary foe—the child of dreams—the creature of a morbid fancy—the illusion of a diseased imagination, that is supposed to exist in the future state of being. And while the worst foes of men, the unbridled passions, are permitted to rage on, eloquence is employed in bodying forth imaginations—conjured up from the most polluted and accursed of fancy's cells; and boldly, in the sight of the bright heavens, and with God's goodness shining around us, it is said,

'There is a place in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires;  
A lightless sulphur, choaked with smoky fogs  
Of an affected darkness. In this place

Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths. There damned souls  
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders; there is burning oil  
Poured down the drunkard's throat; the usurer  
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;  
There is the murderer forever stabbed,  
Yet can he never die; and wretched things  
There stand ever cursing one another.'

And yet a 'God of love prepared this place—condemned the wretched beings to that fate—by his power is to keep them in existence there, and supply food for their torment! Our Heavenly Father is to do all this! his wisdom devised the plan; his power is to execute it! But what was the actuating principle? Was it love? O no! love worketh no ill; yet God is love; and can the picture be aught but a dream of one of those characters whose secret cry is,

Yes, yes, I may write, and describe this hell,  
'For in my heart her several torments dwell;  
My own unholy passions unsubdued  
Create before me this dark, fearful brood.  
O, remorse, remorse! thy revengeful dart  
Is like a serpent gnawing at my heart.'

This doctrine of horror is only congenial to those dark traditions, that taught the savage, that when the thunder was heard in the heavens, it was the voice of the Great Spirit speaking in a tone of vengeance, bidding him trembling bow in horror and in fear, not in love and humble adoration.

We fear that much of the homage paid to the Deity among more enlightened beings is not far removed in its nature from that of the child of the forest, who imagines he hears God denouncing vengeance on every occasion of commotion in the universe, in every wind and storm, in the lightning's flash, and in the thunder's peal, and in the broad ocean's voice of storms, and lashing surges on the rocky shore.

But the mildness of the spirit that is in true religion, is beautifully illustrated and distinguished from violence, in the case of the prophet. When Elijah was called to go forth, and stand before the Lord, behold there the scene of instruction. We are told that—'a great and strong wind rent the mountains, but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice.' 'When Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle.' He knew that the Lord then spake unto him—in the silence of inspired thought. But at the present day the reverse seems to betoken the workings of the Holy Spirit; the 'still small voice,' is exchanged for the strong wind of harsh words—the earthquake of passion, and the fire of dark, fiendlike eloquence. The meek and blessed influence of true religion descending as silently on the heart, as the dews of heaven upon the flower, is ridiculed; and it is supposed that the spirit of the Lord comes not, only in the fire, wind, and storm; and the moral heavens are darkened thereby, and the foundations of many a peaceful abode is broken up, by these religious earthquakes



and fanatical fires, and hell from beneath seems moved to meet them at their coming.

The systems of men have darkened the pre-eminent glory of Christianity—blinded the eyes of men to the chief happiness which it confers, and degraded in theories the greatness of the blessing it bestows. They have made it rather a depressing, than an elevating, energetic principle, more debasing than exalting; the genius of false humility, of fear, and terrific doubt. And verily words cannot express the horror of that mind that has a firm conviction that he is in danger of endless woe; well has one of its own advocates said, 'it has caused some to be mad, and others melancholy.'

Have you not stood upon a high towering rock at whose base the broad ocean lies, and ever and anon sends up a roaring voice from contending waves; there stood, and gazing beneath, felt a fearful giddiness gathering in the brain, and a faintness increasing on the sight, and been forced to cry, 'I'll look no more, lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight tumble down headlong.'

But what is the power of such a height to cause giddiness, and overwhelming fear, when compared with the oft declared danger of the sinner to endless woe? To be suspended by a cotton thread over the cataract of Niagara, is nought to be compared with it; the horror that must inevitably fill the mind convicted of its danger to be plunged into a sea of endless wretchedness, cannot be described, cannot be imagined. Is such the teaching of pure, heaven-born Christianity? No! 't is the dream of those with hearts hard as adamant, and cold as the icy glaciers.

The great good which Christianity confers is too little dwelt on, and we are taught to strive after a foreign good, distant as the boundaries of time. We are too seldom reminded by teachers, professedly, of religion, that our greatest treasure lies within our own breasts; and to bring forth fruits worthy of the plants therein rooted by the God of our being, we need the quickening energy of Christianity; and as it exerts its all-animating power on the mind it assimilates us to God, elevates us above the tyrant power of sin, of all base passions and corrupted appetites. The liberating power of Christianity is felt within; it does not liberate us from poverty, labor, care, or want, but it lessens their afflicting power, and enables us to bear up more cheerfully under adversity. The doctrine of Christ has in view the inner, not the outer man; its kingdom is set up in the mind and heart, and requires the feelings and affections as its subjects; with these under its control, the actions will most surely be the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and men will manifest unto the world that 'grace has subdued the power of sin.'

#### THE BOASTER.

Original.

'THE first thing that a young man must attend to, in setting out in life,' said Mr. Gardner to his son Josiah, 'is that he give others as high an opinion of himself as possible. Unless it is perceived that

a man has a high opinion of himself, nobody will have a high opinion of him.'

Now it is certainly very well for a man to have proper confidence in his own abilities, for, without it, he will lack energy to act in any situation; but Mr. Gardner supposed it was necessary to use a little vain boasting in order to make people believe that you are somewhat better than you really are; taking it for granted that others would allow a reasonable discount, and place you, in their estimation, about as high as your merits really raised you.

Josiah proceeded on this principle, and we shall see how he succeeded. After having received a moderate education, he left his father's house, and went to an adjoining village to offer his services as school teacher. He waited upon the school committee, who were not very learned men, and announced his object. They asked him if he felt himself qualified to take charge of the town school. He replied that he had received a very liberal education—that there was no man in the surrounding country who was a match for him. The honest old farmers gave full credit to his statements, not supposing that he would make his assertions so boldly if there was not truth in them. Accordingly, Josiah was inducted, with all due ceremony, to the office of school-teacher. He soon discovered that some of the larger boys had ciphered a little farther than he had. He was much puzzled in showing them how to do their sums; but when his anxious pupils corrected some of his mistakes, he would assume an air of great importance, and say, 'Do n't dictate to me who have gone through every arithmetic in the country. I tell you that the book is wrong.' These confident assertions had their due weight with the simple country youths, who were more willing to believe that the rules of the book were erroneous, than that so learned a man could be at fault. But unfortunately for Josiah, some of his pupils were examined at home by their parents, who, although not very learned themselves, were able to judge of the degree of improvement exhibited by their sons. Several of them became dissatisfied, and insisted that the teacher should undergo the ordeal of an examination. Josiah was highly indignant at thus having his high pretensions questioned, and rattled on with a parcel of gibberish, which he told them was Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. This, for a moment, confounded the simple countrymen, and they began to think they had indeed gone too far. Nevertheless, the village doctor, who was a man of some science, requested permission to interrogate the pedagogue. Josiah did not like the looks of the physician, and, at first, refused to answer any questions, bearing on himself, as if it compromised his dignity to do so. But the doctor was not to be put off so; and he finally succeeded in getting answers to several simple and easy questions. His ignorance was at once made apparent, and Josiah was dismissed from the school in disgrace. He immediately applied to a store-keeper in the village, who was in want of a clerk. 'No, sir,' said the store-keeper, 'I cannot hire you. I should be unwilling to trust a man with my business who is ca-



pable of telling a falsehood. Your word is not to be depended upon.'

This was an insult which Josiah could ill brook, and presuming that the store-keeper was a man of peace, he challenged him to fight a duel. To his surprise the man accepted the challenge? Josiah, then, vigorously prepared himself for the encounter. He took care that his antagonist should be informed of all his movements—how he had got a pair of large horse-pistols, that he sat up all night running bullets for them, and that he was a dead shot. He boasted in the hearing of his adversary of mighty feats of valor that he had performed, and declared that any man who faced him in single combat, had better make his will beforehand. But the store-keeper perceived that Josiah's whole object was to daunt him, and prevent his going to the duelling ground. He did not believe a word about Josiah's wonderful feats, because he had already been convicted of lying in the case of the school-teaching.

At length the morning arrived when these two victims of false honor were to hurl the deadly bullet at each other's breasts. Josiah arose and said to his second, 'There is no doubt that Mr. L. will keep away. I know he must be a coward.'

'You mistake, sir,' answered the other, 'he is a Virginian—he is from the land of duels, and he will not disappoint you.'

'Indeed,' said Josiah, 'it seems almost a pity to take the poor man's life. Has he a family?'

'None, sir!' said the second, 'he is alone in the world; and says he does not value his life a straw. There is a report that he has already killed six men in duels.'

'Monstrous!' cried Josiah, turning pale, 'I almost shudder at the thought of sending him into the other world, with all his sins and imperfections on his head.'

'I am happy then to be able to relieve your uneasiness,' said the other, 'for I truly believe that he will kill you. He never missed his man. He is very scientific, I assure you.'

'What a pity that such talents should be so ill applied!' said Josiah, moralizing most devoutly.

'We have not much time to discourse on those matters,' said the second, 'If you have any arrangements to make with regard to your property, sir, here is pen and ink. You know you may be in eternity before ten o'clock.'

'Indeed, I had not thought of that!' cried Josiah, 'in eternity before ten o'clock! only think of it. I am afraid it will disgrace me forever to be shot by such a man as that L——'

'Not at all, sir. No one ever expects any other fate who fights with L——'

Josiah then took his second's arm and they repaired together to the place of meeting. Mr. L. and his friend were already on the ground, with a surgeon.

The two seconds conferred together a moment, when Josiah's friend drew near him, and whispered in his ear, 'Mr. L—— has kindly consented not to kill you. He says it is his intention only to wing you. You will probably receive his ball in

the left thigh. It may shatter the bone, but the surgeon is an experienced man and will dress it handsomely.'

'It really seems a shame to kill so generous a man!' cried Josiah, casting a rueful glance at the surgeon's frightful instruments.

'Now—stand ready!' said the second, 'as soon as you are shot, endeavor to fall into my arms, I will come up as soon as possible.'

'Not while I have legs of my own!' cried Josiah wheeling, and running from the ground at the top of his speed. The party climbed a hill to watch the recreant's progress. They saw the dust rising along the margin of a canal—they saw the bushes shake—they caught sight of the boaster as he darted into a wood; and never more was Josiah seen in the land of his fathers. K.

### TO A. E. P.

Original.

I've sought no offering from the muses' seat,  
Nor wooed them hither, from their far retreat—  
Nor drank Castalia's waters sparkling clear—  
Heart speaks to heart its untaught numbers here.

Ours is a friendship formed in earliest youth,  
And needs no record now to prove its truth;  
Or bid remembrance dear to linger yet,  
O'er many scenes we never can forget.

How oft unmarked the golden hours have sped,  
That seemed like moments then, so quick they fled,  
When our young hearts were full of childish glee,  
And all unruffled as a summer sea.

Time will glide on—with still unwearied wing,  
And future years their many changes bring;  
Yet may the memory of those bright hours last,  
And nought o'ercloud the sunshine of the past.

Sweet hope points out a future fair for thee,  
Oh! may her promises unbroken be;  
And joy's expanding buds through coming years,  
Blossom unblighted by affliction's tears.

May calm content, her influence round thee stay,  
And be the sunbeam of thine onward way.  
One heart is thine—the same through good and ill  
Like a fond sister's love—unchanging still.

Hartford, Ct.

M. A. D.

### DOCTRINE OF CHRIST.

Original.

'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.'—St. John vii. 17.

In all the instructions of Jesus Christ, there is a direct and natural appeal to the heart. His doctrines do not consist in abstract speculations drawn from questionable premises, nor rest on the uncer-



tain tenor of human conjecture. No, but they consist in the reason and fitness of things, are founded on the eternal basis of moral truth, and are expressed with a simplicity at once captivating, comprehensive, and intelligible. This being the case, the gospel is capable of being preached with great plainness. I cheerfully grant, that, though its leading doctrines and precepts are plain to any ordinary capacity, yet the immense mind of Jesus Christ gradually mounted up from those instructions adapted to the minds of children, through every grade, till he reached those adapted to the burning conceptions of the most vast and expanded intellect. It seems as though the whole expansive field of moral light and glory lay spread out before him, and from its immense variety he made such a judicious selection as to lead the human mind from its infantile beamings to the fertile fields of philosophy in the open volume of nature, where the footsteps of its incomprehensible Author are seen, where his invisible hand has penciled variety on every page. The scriptures are adapted to capacities of every mould, and meet the human soul with sentiments the most refined—with affections the most pure—with encouragements the most flattering—with consolations the most soothing—with instructions the most elevating and enlightening—with desires the most fond and pleasing—and with hopes the most sublime and transcendent—even the undying hope of immortal felicity in heaven! All these instructions are exactly calculated to meet every attribute and feeling of the human mind. They are exactly adapted to its various passions, feelings and emotions—they are adapted to man as he is.

The appeal in our text is very natural and reasonable—'If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself. As if he had said—you need not perplex your minds, nor question me as to the truth or falsehood of the doctrine I teach. It is a doctrine calculated for the human mind in every condition in human life; and if you will only put it into practice you will know whether it is of God or man. If it meets all your wants, feeds your souls with spiritual food, allays its burning thirst, expands and brightens your mental powers, conducts you to the path of true bliss, and affords you all that happiness which is consistent with imperfect mortals in a changing world, then you may know to a certainty that the doctrine is of God. But if, on the contrary, it is not a doctrine adapted to the wants of the human soul—if its practice leads you to distress and ignorance, and envelopes your present and future prospects in darkness and gloom—if it contracts your benevolence and chills the warm current of love and affection in the soul—if under its influence your charity expires, and your dearest hopes and most fond desires wither under its touch, and fade like the morning cloud from the heavens, then you may know that my doctrine is of human origin, for all human doctrines, from the creation to my appearing, have had this effect, and never met the wants of man as an intellectual and moral being.

The test which Jesus Christ has here given us by which to determine the truth or falsehood of a doc-

trine, is absolutely the best that can be given. To put a doctrine into practice, and by experience determine whether it is able to meet the wants of the human race, and whether it throbs in unison with all the noble and elevated feelings of the soul, or the contrary, is in fact the only true test by which truth may be known.

To make the sentiment involved in our text plain, we will give some degree of latitude to our subject by way of illustration. The human eye is perfectly adapted to the discovery of objects. It is an orb embedded in a bony socket which is lined with a proper quantity of spongy fat for the orb of the eye to roll in without injury. This orb is furnished with two lids or curtains to protect it from injury and to moisten it with a lachrymal juice to keep it from growing glassy and dim by the constant action of the particles of air. This moisture is wiped on at each wink of the eye. The eye is furnished with six muscles to give it every necessary motion without the trouble of continually turning the head. The optic nerve passes in at the back part of the eye in a considerable trunk to be expanded for the purpose of vision. The humors of the eye are calculated to refract and converge the rays of light in such a manner as to form at the bottom of the eye a distinct image of the object we look at; and the point where these rays meet is called the focus of the eye. To explain all the wonders of the eye would require a volume.

Now certain it is that this eye is perfectly adapted to seeing; and yet even this act could not be accomplished without light. Now a person kept in perpetual darkness would be uneasy and know that there was something wanting in regard to the enjoyment of his being. So a man in error and moral darkness is ever uneasy, because there is nothing to meet his mental wants. Error is no more adapted to the peace, happiness and enjoyment of the mind than darkness is to the natural eye. A blind man feels a want, for as he is journeying he has to feel his way, and knows himself to be in constant danger of wild beasts, of being run over by carriages, or of walking over precipices, and a thousand accidents. We also see his danger and the inconveniences to which he is exposed. But the moment his sight were restored the whole train of dangers, inconveniences and miseries, to which he was exposed by this loss of his sight, would vanish. Because the eye is perfectly adapted to the rays of light and discovery of objects, so that we feel no want. Now suppose a man would not open his eyes, and should come and hear you deliver a lecture on optics and vision, and hear you paint the glories of the landscape and the sparkling beauty of the stars, that burn like embers on heaven's broad hearth, and hear you reason how exactly the eye was adapted to light and objects, and the whole so tempered by the hand of God as to disclose to the beholder the wonders of a world. He listens with interest, but begins to ask questions how you know that this is the workmanship of God and not of man, and urges you to give him evidence of the truth of what you teach; would you not tell him to open his eyelids and exercise his vision, and he would soon know whether it was the work of God or whether you were speaking of yourself and practicing deception? Certainly. For



if opening his eyes and surveying the universe, and the nice adaptation of means to their respective ends—the harmony between the construction of the eye, the temperament of the light, and the object painted on its retina—if these did not satisfy him, nothing could. The same may be said of all the other senses—the ear is adapted to sound, by which we comprehend the ideas of others uttered by the human voice, and listen to the melody of the grove, the charms of music and the harmony of a busy universe. The taste is adapted to the food and fruits we eat, SMELL to all the varieties of odor in existence, and feeling to the varieties of touch and sensation. In all these we discover no possible want to make up our mortal being, nor anything that could be added to these five senses. We cannot possibly conceive of a sixth sense, nor what use we could make of it. The reason of this is because five senses are all that we can need or desire in our present constitution of nature. They are completely adapted to our being's end and aim. But the loss of sight or hearing, which we often witness, is a great deficiency, and the man himself, though we should never inform him, would be sensible of some deficiency as he walked forth in the world. But the man of five senses can feel no such deficiency because every thing is adapted to his mortal existence.

Just so it is with truth and error to the mind. So long as we embrace sentiments which give us pain and distress, and which prevent the mind from expanding and brightening in knowledge and glory, so long we are certainly engulfed in error; because there is no harmony—no adaptation of means to ends between the constitution of the human mind and error, to produce, in concert, happiness, peace and joy. But if we embrace a sentiment which harmonizes with all the varied feelings of our nature, which meets all our wants, and communicates enjoyment, peace and love; which enlarges our mental powers, supports virtue, and expands and brightens our affections, we may be certain that it is a doctrine of God. There is no condition in life either of joy or sorrow, sickness or health, pleasure or pain, prosperity or adversity, yes, even bereavement or mourning—no condition but what there is in the doctrine of God, a truth exactly to meet it. Now no man in existence has ever been able to comprehend the operations of the human mind, consequently no man has ever been able to invent a doctrine to meet its countless feelings, emotions, desires and hopes, and feed it with the various kinds of food and medicine adapted to its various conditions of joy or sorrow. He could no more do this than he could form the properties of light and adapt them to human vision when he was entirely ignorant of the construction and operations of the human eye. A doctrine which meets and fills every attribute of the human soul, must be derived from Him who alone made and comprehends the soul of man.

The subject before us is immense, we may say unbounded. We might range every department of the universe, and every thing would testify to the truth of the position we have laid down; for every where do we see arrangement, and means adapted to their respective ends. The sun is placed in the centre of

a retinue of worlds. His position would no where else answer the purpose of his creation. The earth and other planets roll round on their axes, which gives a proper division of day and night to the inhabitants of their surface. Were this earth to be at rest only one half of its surface would be enlightened, and the other would be involved in perpetual darkness, cold and barrenness, and be rendered an unfit habitation for man and other animals, or vegetables. Were it not to move also round the sun we should have no change of seasons; and though its inhabitants enjoyed day and night, yet only one part would have eternal summer, the other autumn, the other winter, and the other eternal spring, in the different degrees of latitude. We see therefore that there is such an exact harmony and accommodation between the sun and our earth and its various motions and revolutions as to answer the end of all its productions for the support of its creatures. This man could not have planned, because he cannot comprehend its parts, or its various laws by which it is kept in motion, order, and harmony. This proves it to be the work of God; for as the sun is ninety-five million miles from the globe, no created being could adapt two such ponderous globes as the sun and our earth to each other as to make them act in conjunction, especially when they are separated by such an immense distance.

We then perceive that as no man has ever existed on this globe, who could comprehend the vast and complicated operations of the human mind, so it is impossible that any human being could have discovered a doctrine exactly adapted to its varied wants. In fact the heathen world have racked their invention for nearly 6,000 years to find some doctrine for man to embrace and pursue to satisfy his wants, hush the sigh of discontent, and raise him to happiness, science and fame, but all have failed. They are the same benighted, ignorant, and dissatisfied beings they ever were. The light of science and civilization has never dawned upon their mental sky; has not even blushed with its crimson tints the horizon of the soul. The doctrine of Jesus Christ is therefore the doctrine of God, for he alone comprehends the human mind, and he alone can devise a doctrine of sacred truth exactly adapted to its nature and wants. He needs not that any should declare to him of man, for he knoweth what is in man. And as this wise and infinite Being has adapted every thing in nature to its respective end, and established order and harmony a dwelling place in every department of his immense empire, is it not natural and perfectly reasonable to conclude that he has not left the human mind, the noblest part of his creation, to grope its way in darkness, doubt and despair? It certainly is. If he has made no such provision, then there is certainly a dreary blank in his creation, which is no where else discoverable.

We will now in few words put the doctrine of Jesus Christ to the test in a few of its principal points. In the first place it improves the human intellect, by giving it a correct knowledge of right and wrong, and it certainly elevates all nations under its influence to civilization, science and refinement. It is equally true (if we practice his doctrine) that it will soften our hearts, expand them with benevolence and char-



ity to all human kind, warm them with pity and compassion even to the brute creation, and inspire us with a noble ambition to discharge our duty to ourselves, our children, to all mankind, and even to love and forgive and bless our enemies. And is not this godlike and noble, and exactly calculated to exalt our own, and the happiness of others? Yes, it is the voice of reason and the teachings of conscience. It is what every man would desire to do on his dying bed.

The doctrine of Jesus Christ teaches us to be kind to the poor, the widow and the fatherless, and to do justly, love mercy, walk humbly—to use the word as not abusing it, and as much as in us lies to live peaceably with all men. It exhorts us to add to faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity. These duties are perfectly reasonable, and lead the human mind to the only path of true bliss. In thus keeping the commandments of God there is an unspeakable reward; an inward peace, an approving conscience, which the world can neither give nor take away. His doctrine teaches us that sin and misery are also inseparably connected—that the way of the transgressor is hard—that it is like walking upon hot plates of iron, like taking coals of fire into the bosom. And does not the history of daring transgressors abundantly establish this fact. It does. The doctrine of Christ places the character and perfections of God in the most engaging and amiable light, and is the only doctrine that reveals his parental character to the world. He only has revealed to us the Father, and in the most tender and endearing relations—taught us that his mercy far exceeds that of the best earthly parent, that he is kind even to the evil and unthankful—that his love is infinite, and unchangeable, that he will have all men to be saved—that he punishes in mercy and for our profit, and that all those afflictions, however dark to us, are directed by parental goodness and will work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Thus we are urged to trust in him in adversity and distress as well as in the day of prosperity and joy. And is not this exactly what we want to sustain us in the moment when darkness clouds our day? It is, and no other sentiment could give us consolation or support, in such scenes of distress.

We are also subject to sickness, pain and death. Our fellow-creatures are promiscuously hastening to the silent grave. Yes, our companions, friends and children, those dear to us as the apple of our eye, are taken from our arms and consigned to the darkness of death. Even here the doctrine of Christ gives us consolation and enables us to smile over the frightful ravages of the tomb in the triumphant hope of a glorious and immortal resurrection to worlds of uninterrupted bliss, where death will have no more dominion—where sorrow, imperfection and pain shall be no more. This hope we have as an anchor to the soul sure and steadfast, and enters within the veil.

This state of purity and bliss is to be the final portion of all mankind. In this contemplation our joy is full. It infinitely outweighs all the sufferings of

earth, and fills every channel of the soul. Hence it appears that the doctrine of Christ is the doctrine of God, because it is exactly fitted to the human mind in every circumstance in life, as much so as the eye is adapted to light and objects, the ear to sound, or the sun to the earth. It is therefore no labored task to determine its truth and its Author. We are but to carry it into practice to know its origin, feel its powers of delight and enjoyment, and comprehend its ultimate destination. If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself. Reader, calmly describe what you would call the best and the happiest man that your mind can conceive, and you would exactly describe an elevated Christian, who strictly followed the instructions and lived up to the doctrine taught by Jesus Christ. Then it is worthy of our attention and united support.

### TO MY FRIEND W.

Original.

WHAT spell hath kept thee from thy home so long?  
What fairy won thy heart, with siren song?  
Thrown round thy wandering thoughts a silken net,  
And said, old times and friends thou shouldst forget?

Some dark-eyed southern girl love's flame hath fanned,  
And chained thy spirit to her own bright land,  
I see thee straying in her garden bowers,  
Wreathing her clust'ring curls with radiant flowers.

Sweet home is now in summer beauty drest,  
Calm in their depths the shining waters rest,  
Blossoms with fragrance rife perfume the air;  
And song-birds trill their notes of music there.

When o'er the threshold will thy step be heard?  
When thy fond mother's heart with joy be stirred?  
When shall we bid thee come no more in vain?  
When will home echo with thy voice again?

Come while the foliage of the trees is green;  
Come when the silver moonlight shines between;  
Come ere the glories of the summer fade;  
Come ere her thousand flowers in dust are laid.

Hartford, Ct. 1835.

M. A. D.

### THE POOR MAN.

Original.

I KNEW a man once who had but a few of the good things of this world. But if he had not much, he wanted none. He owned a small cottage which stood beside a thick and sombre wood. He had a few acres of land. He did not labor immoderately, because he was not anxious to be rich. He and his family always appeared clean, decently dressed, and cheerful. They did not repine because riches had not fallen to their lot, but they thanked God for what they had, and rejoiced that the many cares which pierce the rich through with many sorrows,



could not come nigh their humble dwelling. When this man heard of shipwrecks, he did not tremble lest his own property had gone, or was wrecked; when he heard of extensive fires, he did not sigh over the ashes of his hundred buildings; for his eye could take in at a glance all that belonged to him on this earth. He had some treasures, however, which were in safe keeping. He had some wealth that was out at compound interest, continually accumulating—that wealth was the answer of a good conscience—his banker was God—his drafts were prayers, and his income was that 'peace which passeth all understanding.' Still the poor man had some trouble in this world. He lost his eldest son, just as he had begun to exhibit the interesting and amiable traits of ripening youth. But the father, although he grieved as a man, yet he was consoled as a child of God. 'God has taken him home first,' said he, 'but I too am bound to that better country. I will wait all the days of my appointed time, and when the end cometh, I shall meet my boy in better company than this world affords.'

When he saw a rich man rolling along the road in his carriage, he did not say, 'Ah! sir—you are Dives and I am Lazarus. I shall go up to heaven, and you will go down to hell—but he simply thought, 'There is room enough in the world for us both. If you enjoy your riches, I am glad—but I fear you have many perplexities—many anxieties. Indeed, the rich are very much to be pitied!' This man was therefore a philosopher. Yes, he was a christian philosopher, and they are the best kind of philosophers; since they not only advocate a good theory, but they also practice what they profess. There is much room in this world for all classes of men, who are disposed to go through it without envying or suspecting one another; but there is more room in heaven; and I trust in that happy place, we shall all agree. So thought this poor man, and although he was not servile to the rich, yet he owed them no ill-will. 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me,' was his motto. 'I will do right,' said he, 'let others do as they may. If wealth cannot make them happy, neither can poverty make me miserable; so long as my conscience is void of offence towards both God and man.' He found that a bible did not cost much; but cheap as the book was, he used to find more than a thousand dollars between the leaves, every time he opened it. He found more—he found what all the money on earth could not buy—a golden promise, bright and sure, that 'when the earthly tabernacle of this house is dissolved, we have a building not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' Years passed on, and the poor man was deprived of his wife, by the visitation of an all-wise God. This was a severe stroke; for she had been the companion of his youth. He had thought he could not live without her. He now found that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. In the midst of his deep grief, and while he gazed on the closed eyes and bloodless lips of her who had been at his right hand through all previous afflictions, a voice from heaven said, 'Fear not, thou worn Jacob, for I am with thee. My grace is sufficient for thee.' He laid his wife in her narrow house. The sod bloomed over her. Her

place was vacant. When he looked for her, she was gone; and in sickness her hand wiped not the sweat from his brow. But his eldest daughter was now sufficiently grown to act in her stead, when indisposition or any other remarkable event called for extraordinary exertion. She was, indeed, a lovely maid. She was beautiful, artless and intelligent—so gentle that the very insect that lay in her path was allowed to pass on unmolested—so kind, that the woes of others were always her own. Her father's heart was bound up in her. She was the light of his eyes—the pride of his heart. Here fell hardest the stroke of fate. A wretch betrayed the fair Maria, and she fell, a ruined, blighted flower—cast upon the world's cold charity to die! Here, indeed, was affliction. The last hold which the poor man had upon existence was loosened. He murmured not—but his eye grew dim. His reason wandered at times, but when his mind was itself, his hope never wavered, his trust in God was never shaken. 'Though thou slay me, I will trust in thee!' was the secret ejaculation of his heart. His house was desolate—his home had lost its charms, one by one—and he looked forth towards that better country where death and seducers cannot come. The cold hand of death was laid upon him. Human nature could not bear up under the accumulated weight of suffering which was thus inflicted on it.

The poor man died alone. No wife's kind hand was there to smooth his pillow—no daughter hung over him to watch with trembling anxiety the last glimmering of the spark of life. No rich friends came with choice cordials and kind words to raise, to cheer, and animate his spirits. No expectant heir hovered officiously around the couch of death, to anticipate his every wish, and guide his pen. But kind angels dipped their golden wings in the atmosphere of the lower world; and the songs of seraphs bore his spirit above the fears and anxieties of frail mortality. During his life, he had been buffeted by sorrows, and his evening sun was blackened by grievous affliction—but when the last, the closing scene arrived, he was visited of heaven, and the dark tomb was to his altered vision like the glittering grotto of Antiparos! He died. He lives again, but not as a poor man. He now enjoys the glorious, the incorruptible inheritance of heaven. Y.

## STANZAS.

## Original.

Our hearts are cold, oh Lord!—untried as yet  
We trust in earthly friends—and thee forget!  
But when life's trials come, with grief and care oppress,  
We look around in vain and find no rest;  
Then will the heart turn back, like the wing-wearied dove;  
To thee, oh God! to thee! for thou art love.

Vainly while here our best affections cling—  
We seek for that which happiness can bring.  
When all resources fail, pale sorrow to relieve,  
And what we trusted most—will most deceive;  
Then will the mind awake, and soar with hope above,  
To thee, oh God! to thee! for thou art love.

Hartford, Ct. 1835.

M. A. D.



## THE FOP.

Original.

'GEORGE always would dress,' said Mrs. Milbank to Fanny Williams; 'let what would happen, George would always put on superfine broadcloth. He would ever have his coat cut in the first fashion, and have all his clothes made by the best tailors. Expense is nothing to George, in the way of dress. I do not wonder that you fancied my George, he looks so genteel, and so much like a gentleman.'

'To be sure, my dear madam!' cried Fanny, 'Do you think I could ever set my heart upon a man who is not a la mode? George did always look so sweet and so pretty, and then every young lady envied me, you know. Why, at Portland, there were more than fifty girls who fell in love with him. Do you know that his very handkerchief is scented?'

'Yes, child,' answered Mrs. Milbank, 'I have not been an indifferent spectator of George's accomplishments. It was I who first inspired him with his high-bred notions. You may have heard that when I was a young lady, I never wore a shawl that cost less than a hundred dollars, and I once threw away a new Leghorn because—'

At this moment George came strutting into the room, with one hand at his elegant watch-guard, and with the other swinging a dainty kid glove.

'We were just talking of you,' said Fanny. 'What would you give to know what we said?'

'Pon honor!' said George, raising his eyebrows, and endeavoring to give an expression of archness to his unmeaning countenance, 'I am not able to tell, unless it was about the speculation which I made last week.'

'I had not even heard of it,' said Fanny, making room for George beside her on the sofa. George sat down with great pomposity, which he mistook for gracefulness, and after picking several pieces of lint from his tight pants, and looked at his boots through his quizzing glass, began, 'you know Bob Spindle.'—'Oh yes,' said Fanny, 'he danced with me on that evening that I got my new pink, when my India muslin was torn by that awkward creature that you introduced.'

'Ha! ha! ha! I never shall forget what a tease you were in—though you know I promised to repair the damage gratis—but about the speculation. Bob, you see, had a roll of lace that was a little damaged. Bob was anxious to get rid of it, and I took it at half cost. Well I got it all off in the course of a week at the very highest price!'

'But surely, no one having the use of her eyes, would have taken it at that rate.'

'Pshaw!' said George—'I took care of that. I had a roll for judges, mind me; but the damaged took with the uninitiated. I got off two yards to a servant girl—one yard to a negro—and half a yard to a simple country maid who had never seen lace before in her life.'

'Now!' cried Fanny—'how you talk! Are you not ashamed to own that you cheated those poor people?'

'All's fair in trade, you know!' cried George, laughing loud and long at his wit.

'Ah, well, you gentlemen know best,' replied she, 'I suppose that young Hanley might have been taken in with your lace, if he had called for it. You know he is no judge of dress.'

'You are right,' said George, looking grave and very wise, 'you have a just estimate of his character. He was never cut out for a gentleman. You have not seen him lately.'

'Now do n't be jealous.'

'Of him, Miss Williams! I would as soon be jealous of a toad. Let me tell you that were it not that I sometimes need his services, I would not speak to him in the street.'

'His services, George!' cried Mrs. Milbank—'pray of what service can that awkward creature be to you?'

'Oh, you know my tailor's bill is sometimes rather high, and the tailors themselves are somewhat low in the pocket, and then they have become so unmannerly of late, that they make nothing of asking a gentleman to settle his account with them. So, you see, Hanley is one of those easy kind of gulls that are willing to help a friend out of a scrape, and I occasionally take a little of his money just to countenance the poor thing.'

'Ah well,' said Fanny, 'I suppose he thinks me cruel—but I cannot think of throwing myself away on one that can neither dance nor sing, and whose coat is more like a scarecrow than anything else. You know, madam, that a young lady must be ruled, in some things, by the opinion of the polite world.'

'Certainly, my dear,' said Mrs. Milbank—'Any young lady would be actually hooted at who should throw away George for that bear; for George always would dress.'

'A man without dress,' said George, placing his arms akimbo, 'is like a bird without feathers. But does this fool of a Hanley think to carry you off, Fanny? By my best beaver, if I thought he was so insolent, I would never borrow another cent of him as long as I lived!'

'Oh—no—no—don't be so severe on him!' cried Mrs. Milbank; 'forget and forgive. Now do n't get in a passion, for I am sure Fanny will never think of him for a moment. You know it would be offering an insult to me, my dear.'

'Certainly, madam,' said Fanny. 'I hope I know my true interest better than to think of taking a man who has nothing but his good character to boast off; when the affections of your George and my George are laid at my feet.'

Just then the Boston Transcript was thrown into the room, and, upon opening it, George read aloud 'Married, Thomas Hanley to Miss Pamela —.'

'What!' cried Fanny, starting on her feet—'is Hanley married already, and to—to—' 'Your smelling bottle, George!' screamed Mrs. Milbank, 'Fanny is going to faint. No wonder. That awkward booby—who would have thought it? He has married one of the most accomplished ladies in Boston—and such a fortune too!'

'Well she can't triumph over me,' said Fanny, 'for I have refused him at least a dozen times.'

In about two weeks after this conversation, Fan-



ny Williams and George Milbank were tethered together by the silken bands of matrimony. George was arrayed in the most extravagant costume on the evening of their nuptials, and as his mother surveyed the profusion of ornaments in which his natural proportions were disguised, she remarked to the admiring spectators, 'George always would dress.'

But now that George was married, his expenses increased, and it was soon discovered that his wife 'would dress' too; and as young Hanley had removed from town to settle at a splendid country seat which he received with his Clarissa, his purse was not at hand to defray the expense of this mutual dressification.

George's profits in trade were not found adequate to meet the continual demands which poured in and were supplied at every shift of fashion, and his creditors soon discovered that they were likely to receive less than five shillings on the pound. On the morning that he was led off to jail, his mother said, by way of comforting Fanny. 'Ah well, George always would dress.' T.

### THE MINISTER'S STORY.

Original.

'You have often promised, dear grandfather, to tell me the particulars of the death of your sister Alice, of whom I have heard you speak so many times, and with so much affection; can you now spend time to gratify my curiosity?'

'Yes, my child! if you can have patience with the prolixity of an old man, I will recall to memory that period of my youthful days for your gratification.'

'Alice and myself were left orphans in youth—our parents had come to this country from England; we had therefore no relatives here, and were all the world to each other. We resided with a kind guardian, who had been a dear friend of our father, until I entered college, where I was prepared for the presbyterian ministry. After having supplied the audience of a fashionable church in my native city, with what I then thought the bread of life, and become a somewhat popular and proud preacher—I resolved to visit Europe and make myself conversant with the lore of other climes; for I was ambitious, and wished to leave no means untried, which would lead me to be celebrated throughout the country as a savior of souls; for thus do vain mortals arrogate to themselves a power and will, which they virtually deny to God. After I had been absent nearly three years, during which time I had occasionally heard from Alice, I received a letter from a brother clergyman, who supplied my pulpit, informing me that my sister was throwing away her affections upon a heretic preacher, a hated Universalist. Recollect, my dear, this was a long time ago, when there was but a scattered few of that long-traduced and despised sect. Then the name was a reproach, and the finger of scorn was pointed at them, as in times of old at the followers of our dear Savior. But to return; how

was anger excited, my pride wounded at this report! I wrote immediately, and as I have preserved the letter with her answer, I will read them to you.

My very dear sister:

Is it possible, my beloved Alice! that you are about to throw yourself away, to peril your precious immortal soul, by marrying an infidel? No, I can scarce believe it! You, who were so proud, so followed, so courted and admired! You, who against the wish nearest my heart, refused my dear friend and classmate, as I then thought, because you had higher views. Can you have brought your mind so low? It must be some strange infatuation, or girlish whim! Oh let it pass away, I beseech you, dear Alice! Do not disgrace yourself and brother for life, and lose your own hope in heaven for time and for eternity. Never will you have my consent to your union with such a man! I would rather pass my life in a foreign land, than to return to witness the disgrace of my dear sister. Let me hear directly that the report is false, or that it has passed away; for until it is confirmed from your lips, and no longer, I remain your affectionate brother,

HENRY.

As soon as could be expected, I received this answer.

My dearest Henry:—

You say 'Let me hear directly that the report is false.' Thank heaven! it is not false; neither is it a 'girlish whim, or strange infatuation.' You may, perhaps, wonder how in the high and orthodox circle in which I move, it was possible for me to become acquainted with Alfred Graham. I will tell you. Some of my young friends and myself were in the habit of visiting a poor sick woman in our neighborhood. Going there alone one day, I entered the room with a light step that I might not disturb her, and found a young gentleman praying by her bedside; and such a prayer I never heard before from the lips of mortal man. She had once lived in his father's family, and it so happened that we met there often, perhaps intentionally on his part, though not on mine, and ere I scarce thought of it, he had gained an interest in my affections. I did not at first know of his being what you call an infidel; if I had, perhaps my pride would then have conquered; yet he did not disguise his sentiments in the least—they shone forth in his actions and conversation continually—and I think it was their very beauty which won my heart. You know I had never been informed of their peculiar belief, but was taught to consider it something terrible; therefore, I think my ignorance was in this case a blessing.

Henry, I have been a gay and giddy girl, but never before have I felt the heart-happiness which is now mine—and rest assured there is joy and peace in believing, that God will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. I have adopted the sentiments you denounce, and I glory in the name of Universalist! You know, brother, I have always had my own way, because I was never contradicted, and it is now too late to begin; yet would I rejoice in your approbation; come, then, dearest Henry, and bless your own orphan sister by



approving of her choice, which you could not help doing would you but become acquainted with Alfred. Farewell, till I see you, and be not angry with your once darling

ALICE.

On the receipt of this, I left England immediately, determined, if in my power, to prevent the marriage; but how was my resentment changed to grief, and my proud and stubborn heart softened, when I found Alice, my almost idolized sister, dying. She had been riding the day before, was thrown from the carriage, and received some internal injury, from which it was vain to hope she could recover. Oh how trying was it thus to meet! Yet even then when I bent to kiss her pale cheek—so great was my prejudice—I felt that to save her from death, I could not give her up to him who stood by her side in the pride and prime of manly beauty, and the deep suffering of a tried and sorrowing heart. A more than mortal loveliness was thine, sweet sufferer!—'t was the light of a mind full of peace, resignation and love; 't was as though a sunbeam from the heaven to which she was fast hastening, had shone upon and dwelt around her. She summoned all her remaining energy to bid me welcome and farewell. 'My beloved Henry, my own, my only brother; if any thing could add to my happiness, it is that I am permitted to see your face once more. I feel that God has led you hither that you might witness my death and the soul-cheering influence of a religion you have so much despised; and I trust in his own good time he will cause the light of divine love to shine in your heart, and give you that hope which is an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast, so that you may neither be afraid nor unfit to die.' Then taking my hand and joining it with Alfred's, she added—'May you be brothers in heart, and in faith. Oh, Henry! cherish his acquaintance and love him for my sake. To him, through the blessing of God, do I owe the consolation which is now mine—he has led me in the green pastures, and beside the still waters, of the one christian and true faith, and there is joy unspeakable in believing—a faith in the salvation of all mankind. To you, Alfred, I need not say—love my brother—for your heart is full of love to all men, and I know you will comfort him when I am gone. I do not bid adieu to earth without regret, for my life has been a happy one, and my hopes were bright; but I feel resigned to my father's will, who calls me home a little while before you, that you may go forth with undivided affections, and a heart wholly his own—to proclaim throughout our country, the glorious gospel of the blessed God—the glad tidings which shall be unto all people. I have one request to make ere my voice is stilled. I presume it will be thought proper that a sermon should be preached at my funeral; will you undertake the task? Do not start! God will give you strength, and sustain you, in such an effort for the cause of truth. You could not bear to hear my hopes called vain, and yourself pronounced the means of my destruction—as surely will be the case, if any of my self-styled friends are allowed to show forth their zeal in their own cause on that occasion. Many will attend from friendship, more from curiosity. You may thus be the means of doing good, and rescue some from the thralldom of superstition and ter-

ror, which is blighting and breaking so many sensitive hearts. Henry, you too must consent to this. You cannot either of you deny this my last wish. My strength is exhausted and the hand of death is upon me—promise ere I say farewell.' We promised—and adding a few words of consolation, and bidding us adieu in a voice which seemed already tuned to the melody of heaven—she folded her hands upon her breast and fell asleep in Jesus.

When Alfred had become sensible that the spirit was indeed fled that had animated the beautiful clay before him—and that the ice of death had touched her heart and chilled it forever—he gave way to such a passionate burst of grief as manhood will sometimes indulge, in the first moments of sorrow—and be calm ever after. He knelt by her side and kissing her cold hand exclaimed—

'Oh, Alice, love! how can I give thee up?

With such a peaceful slumber resting on thee!

But God has bade me drink this bitter cup,

And Death's wan hand to the dark grave has won thee!

Would that mine eyes a fount of tears might be,

Tears for thee! Alice, loveliest—tears for thee!"

Having given vent to his full heart in apostrophising the remains of Alice, he addressed himself to me. 'Oh, Henry! may you never know this worst of all life's heart-aches—the parting with one so loved; you have been long absent and cannot know as I do, the perfection of human loveliness to which her mind had attained; but God has seen fit thus to chasten me, and I trust he will give me strength to lay my hand upon my heart and say, thy will, not mine, be done; will you now unite with me in a prayer to our Father, that he will sustain and comfort us in this affliction?' I consented and could not but admire the petition which so soothed my feelings.

This, which I have been so long narrating, happened in the course of a few hours after my return, and so sudden had been the shock I could hardly realise until the next day that all was not a dream. The use of the church where I had formerly preached was with great difficulty procured for the funeral of Alice. It was crowded, and Alfred, having gained a perfect command over his feelings, entranced his hearers with the beauty of truth and the eloquence of the heart. To that discourse do I owe the first ray of light which dawned upon my soul, chasing away the clouds of bigotry and superstition—and making room for the sunshine of happiness, which attends the belief in that religion I had once thought unworthy the name. Alfred encouraged and assisted me, till I was firmly established without a fear or doubt. We were firm, devoted friends, and great was our comfort to retire from the derision of the world and mingle our thoughts and prayers together.

I soon left my native city, where I had bid adieu to my only relative—my so fondly loved Alice. We separated, to go forth to different parts of the country, to lift up our voices for the truth and labor diligently in our master's cause; and we had abundant reason to be thankful that our efforts were blessed, in leading many to rejoice; and oh, my child! how are my age-dimmed eyes brightened to see—and my dull ears to hear—that where there were then tens, there are now thousands, and tens of thousands, going up to



the sanctuary to worship a God whose love is universal.

Your father writes me an account of the jubilee convention which my infirmities would not allow me to attend; and says, 'Never did I behold such an assemblage of glad hearts; and happy faces, and even in that orthodox city, crowds listened to words of wisdom from the fathers of the church—to the powerful and convincing arguments of the middle-aged—and hung enraptured on the glowing language which fell from the lips of the younger ornaments of our Zion.' Now, oh Lord! when thou shalt see fit to call me home, thy servant will depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the prosperity of thy people.

Hartford, Ct.

M. A. D.

### THE HERMIT.

Original.

I AM a pedler by profession. My calling is certainly a humble one; but I trust it may be conducted in an honest way. Although time has neither frosted my locks, nor thinned the hair on my brow, yet I have seen much of this globe. Up many a wearisome hill have I borne my heavy pack, and along the side of many a glassy river have I held my toilsome way. Through cities, villages and hamlets have I bent my steps; and often has the howling wilderness echoed to my solitary song. I have moralized on all that I have seen. I have keenly observed the various traits in the character of my fellow creatures. I have not watched over them for evil; but in order to become acquainted with human nature. If the reader is not too proud to listen to a poor pedler's tale, I shall be happy to tell him one.

One day in July, 1812, I had been to a certain city, on the sea-board, in order to replenish my pack. I had laid out all my money excepting a crossed four-pence, but, in return, my pack was well filled with calicoes, gingham, and various fancy articles calculated to please the fair sex, who seemed to be very willing to trade with me in those days, as I was younger and handsomer than I am now. I did not, in the commencement of my business, find it necessary to carry silks and other costly articles into the country; but there has been a great change in that respect since my remembrance. Now, I find the country girls are quite as fond of fine dresses as the town lasses; and I fear, oftentimes spend their hard earnings to disadvantage; for, if the opinion of a pedler is worth anything, I must be excused for saying that I believe, for a light complexioned girl, blue calico or even green, with a neat figure, is more comely and beautiful, and sets off the person to more advantage than the black silk which they are so fond of buying of me. Pink gingham, or straw-colored are more becoming to a dark beauty than richer cloths. Now, look at the difference in the price. My silk patterns are sold for about ten dollars, while the others may be bought for an average price of three!

But, to return. I had filled my pack with what was then considered a choice store of articles, and

threaded my way through the narrow streets of the city, over the heated pavements, until I had gained the end of one of the principal streets, and was about emerging into the high road. The sun was just setting, and the leaves of the distant trees were glistening in his rays, while the spires of the steeples which I had just left behind, were lit up by the splendor of the sinking sun, even as the christian, when about to leave this state of existence, brightens up in the prospect of a glorious immortality. The weight of my pack was considerable, and I sat down a moment upon a large stone by the wayside, to survey the gorgeous spectacle. The hum of voices, the rattling of carts over the pavements, and the cries of children, came on the gentle breeze to my ears. How often have I thus paused to listen to the hum of a contiguous city! I deposited my pack on a green bank, and straightway fell into a train of agreeable reflections. I rejoiced that I was not an inhabitant of that crowded city; that the fretting cares, the haste, the heat of a city life were not mine. I pondered upon the various duties which citizens are called upon to fill. I thought of the multiplicity of occupations which were that moment followed in the vast town which was stretched before me. I thought of the rich who wheeled about the streets in their gilded coaches to make calls of ceremony amongst their wealthy friends; and reposed at night upon beds of down, sleepless and harrowed by a thousand anxious thoughts which render their vast possessions rather a torment than a blessing. I thought of the sturdy mechanic whose vigorous arm wields the sledge or drives the plane, whose sleep is sound, and whose food is sweet to his taste. Then I thought of the wretched poor, whose coarse rags scarce shield them from winter's cold or the scorching sun-beams. I thought of the poor sick mothers and starving children. I also heard the drunkard's groan as he turned his aching sides and fevered head on his filthy bed of straw. I seemed to see before me, wealth and poverty strongly contrasted in that busy town—health and sickness—ignorance and knowledge—virtue and vice—and I thanked God that my course of life led me principally amongst the blithe scenes of nature, by the side of the rich corn-field, the flowery mead, and the tuneful wood. The sun had gone down. The shadows were deepening on roof and tower. I seized my pack, and was about recommencing my journey, when I cast a farewell look at the city. I thought that I could discover a singular light in the heart of the town. I paused. There seemed to be a space around which a dull glow was visible. The roofs of the houses in that vicinity became once more apparent. I mistrusted that a fire had broke out. I was not long in suspense. A broad sheet of flame burst forth from the roof of a high building, and the deep tones of a dozen bells came booming up the wide avenue of the city. In a moment all was tumult and outcry. A shout, as from ten thousand voices, rent the air. The continued cry of 'Fire!' rang loudly through every street. The rattling engines soon added to the uproar. The heavens were filled with murky smoke, the cinders too fatally pointed out the direction of the wind. A strong breeze had arisen, which blew towards a long range of high wooden buildings occu-



pied as store-houses for grain and flour. All this I could perceive at a glance, and as the flames spread with a rapidity which I had never seen equalled, I feared that the catastrophe would be disastrous in the extreme. The night around me was exceedingly dark, while the centre of the city blazed like an oven, and illuminated the streets and houses to a vast distance. Half an hour I watched the progress of the flames. I saw them belching from twenty windows at once. I saw them leaping and curling like a crested surge directly towards the high wooden range. I hesitated no longer. I thought I might be of a little service, and that in cases of emergency like the present, it was the duty of every man to assist. I threw my pack into a hollow, covered it over with leaves, dry branches, and loose stones, and ran down the street towards the fire. It took me some time to reach the scene of action. But I perceived that I was not too late to do good. The streets through which I passed, ere I had reached within some distance of the conflagration, were blocked with furniture and every description of goods.—Mothers were running backwards and forwards screaming out for their lost children. Husbands were seeking their wives, and wives their husbands; while the scorched clothes of the houseless sufferers too plainly showed that the calamity had come upon many of them very suddenly, inasmuch that they had, with difficulty, escaped with their lives. ‘Make way here! make way!’ cried a stentorian voice before me, just as I had gained a full view of the fire, and an aged sick woman, on a bed, was borne rapidly by me. I was met by a crowd of men and boys who were lugging goods from a West India goods store that had just caught. Several engines were playing upon this store as it stood on the corner of the street, and it was an object of some consequence, to prevent the fire from crossing. I perceived that it was no time for me to be idle, even if I had chosen it; for the officers were pressing every idle hand into the service of the engines. I caught the brake of an engine that had just arrived, and began to assist in pumping. I could, however, mark the progress of the fire. It had already crossed two wide streets, and about forty houses were either consumed or in a blaze. About twenty engines were vigorously combatting the flames at the point where they were stretching towards the wooden range before mentioned. A low isthmus of wooden shops united the houses already on fire with the high stores: and the firemen were laboring to destroy the shops and put out the fire which threatened to go through them, with incredible energy. I saw many prodigies of heroism. One man stood on the top of a ladder, the bottom of which was on fire, and held the pipe which sent continued showers upon the low buildings. Others entered houses, the roofs of which were actually falling in, and snatched various costly articles from the very jaws of destruction. But the person on the burning ladder more particularly attracted my attention. He was a young man of about twenty-three, extremely well formed, and as he turned his face towards the blaze which flashed in his very eyes, I could perceive that his countenance was of the first order of manly beauty. He seemed

perfectly collected, and gave his orders to the men below with as much sang froid as if he had been seated in an easy chair. There was something inexpressibly interesting in his countenance, and which at once attracted me towards him. I felt much concerned for his situation, which seemed to be every moment growing more dangerous. At length he disappeared in a cloud of smoke and flame, and the confusion was so great that I could not tell what became of him. But the last hope of saving the store-houses was gone; for the flame which had covertly crept along the interior of the low buildings, had mounted like a spire and was creeping to the very roof of one of the range. There was now a great stir. The engine to which I had attached myself was ordered away, as the fire had already crossed the street and could not be stopped in that direction until it had reached the river. More dangerous points demanded our united attention. We were now stationed opposite the high range which had, by this time, become one of the grandest scenes of conflagration, that I ever saw. Fire seemed to be spouted from the roofs into the very heavens. There was no staying the progress of the fire in this quarter, and yet it must be stayed, as one half of the city was menaced. The fire was evidently on the increase. It was spreading in every direction, with inconceivable fury. Alarm was depicted in every countenance. Many of the firemen had run off to their own houses to remove their goods. The engines had come pouring in from the adjacent towns, and seemed to be rather a hindrance than otherwise, as the streets were blocked up with them. But, after the fire had lasted about six hours, it appeared somewhat to wane. In one direction, it had swept every thing off to the river's edge, and could go no farther—in another it had been stayed by a park, and the long wooden range, where I was at work, was now all levelled with the ground. There was still a great fire, but it offered, apparently, but one point for our attack. Here, therefore, all our energies were directed with renewed spirit. One tremendous body of water seemed to be hurled directly upon the crackling roofs and into the windows, as they vomited their red flame with a last, expiring effort. Loud cheers of exultation were now heard, and every one congratulated his fellow upon the probable termination of their labors; when lo! a feeble wail was heard at a little distance, and loud screams of horror rose from amid the gathering darkness, as if an earthquake had suddenly rent the city asunder! The fire had crept unseen through several empty warehouses, and meeting another current which shot off in a tangent from the main body of the flame, had completely surrounded a small block of handsome wooden houses from which the inmates had not begun to remove. No time was to be lost. One half of the engines, and mine amongst the number, wheeled to go to the relief of the sufferers. We commenced playing upon the new fire, and the families fled, under cover of our watery artillery. From one house, which appeared to be not so much in danger as the rest, came a middle-aged man, dragging some furniture after him, and followed by his wife and two grown-up daughters. ‘Where is the old woman?’



cried a gentleman to them, as they dashed out of a little garden gate in front of the house.

'She was removed to a safe place when the fire first broke out,' replied the other, 'They lugged her off in her bed.'

'Very well,' said the gentleman and passed on. As the family moved along near the place where I was engaged, I heard one of the daughters say, 'Where is Anna?'

'I do n't know—she must look out for herself,' replied he in a surly tone. I did not know how to understand this answer; but concluded the person of whom they spoke was not in the house, which was now enveloped in flames. Another engine now came rattling over the pavement, and as it drew up, a loud shrill scream burst from a window in the third story of the house which the family had left as described above.

'My God!' cried I, 'there is some one in that house!'

'T is a woman—I can see her white dress,' cried another—'She cannot be saved!'

A thrill of horror passed through every bosom. There she was plainly in sight—a young woman stretching from the high window and invoking assistance from the crowd below.

'A ladder! Ho! hook and ladder men!' A ladder in an instant! cried fifty voices at once. The engines were deserted. Every arm was palsied. The men and boys were flying in every direction for a ladder. A sickness like death came over my heart as I saw an adjacent chimney fall, with a tremendous crash, upon the very roof beneath which the damsel stood. As the roof gave way, a column of fire shot up through the opening far above the head of the screaming sufferer. Fire was on every side of her, and I was about turning my eyes from the spot that I might not see her die, when I heard a voice like the fierce roaring of a lion, exclaiming, 'Make way here! stand back!' and, the next instant the handsome youth, whom I had seen on the ladder, rushed by, like a blazing comet, and plunged headforemost into the lower part of the building which was all in flames. 'He has gone to his death!' solemnly said a man at my side. 'He cannot live a minute in that furnace!' I moved nearer the building to see if there was any chance of delivery, and soon became convinced that the youth would perish with the girl whom he had so daringly sought to rescue. But, behold! he appears! the youth appears by the side of the girl. The fire had already reached her garments. He seized her by the waist—he gave one look below—there was no ladder—to spring from the window would have been death to both. He paused but an instant. He thrust his arm out of the window, he seized a long wooden gutter which ran along the eaves, and tore it from the iron clasps. One end fell heavily against the ground, while the other rested on the sill of the window. The youth dragged the shrieking maiden through the window just as the flame began to curl around and issue from the upper part of it. He began to descend on the gutter with the girl. A dozen engines, the hands of which had been struck dumb until now, by the terrible situation of the young couple, began to play

upon them as they descended. At that instant a tall figure wrapped in a dark cloak who had been standing at my side, violently agitated, clasped his hands and exclaimed, 'God bless thee, boy! Thou hast saved her!' and as they reached the ground in safety the stranger hurried swiftly away. I had got a glimpse however of his face. He seemed to be an old man; his eyes were sunken; his cheeks were hollow and pale, and his beard descended to his breast. His was the most solemn and unearthly countenance that I ever beheld. While I was rushing forward to assist in bearing off the rescued damsel to a place of safety, one of the firemen said to me, 'Did you see that old man?'

'Yes, who is he?' said I.

'I cannot speak certainly,' returned he, 'but, from the description, I should say it must be "the hermit of the red mountain." How he came to be here, I cannot imagine. The mountain is twenty miles off, and he was never known to descend it. He has never been seen by any but some few individuals who have ventured to his lofty cell. No one knows who he is, but he has lived on the mountain a great many years.'

I saw the girl safely borne off. She had escaped without much injury; but her young deliverer was considerably scorched. The house fell in blazing ruins, a few moments afterwards, and the whole block was swept away, like a flower by the mower's scythe. It was not until daylight that the fire was completely got under; and then, as the sun rose above the eastern cloud, he looked upon a scene of ruin and desolation that beggars description. A hideous gap had been made in the finest part of the city, and a column of thin smoke that ascended above the still burning fragments wrote the dismal tale on the blue leaves of heaven. I retired to the tavern where I usually put up, revolving on the scenes which I had witnessed. After eating my breakfast, I became sensible that my exertions had contributed to bring on a fever, to which I was subject. I languished on a bed of sickness about a week, before I felt able to walk out. I then descended to the bar room, and, on looking over a late newspaper which I found lying in one of the chairs, read an account of the death of Mrs. Almira Goldthwaite. The notice stated that she was an aged lady, who had been for some time confined to her bed by sickness, but that during the late fire, the excitement and exposure attendant on her removal, had hastened her end. I made no doubt it was the same old woman whom I met when I first reached the fire, as she was carried along in her bed. I made some inquiries of my host, who stated that it was no doubt the same person; and, added he, 'did you hear how near her daughter came to losing her life, at that time?'

'I saw a young lady gallantly rescued from a three story window,' answered I, 'but I did not know who she was.'

'It was Anna Goldthwaite,' said the landlord. 'She is now left an orphan. Her father disappeared strangely, a number of years ago, and it is supposed that he made way with himself, as he was what they call a religious fanatic, and had a great many dreadful notions about God's vengeance, and predestination. But Anna has got property enough; though she



wont have the disposal of it, until she comes of age. The old woman, when she lost all hopes of recovery, made Mr. and Mrs. Valentine, Anna's guardians. If Anna dies before she comes of age, the property will all go to the Valentines.'

'Indeed!' cried I, as a thought struck me, 'are the Valentines the people who lived in the house from which Anna was rescued?'

'The same,' returned he, 'but why do you ask? Do you know them?'

'I did not think they appeared to be very particular about what became of Anna,' returned I. 'It appears that they left her to shift for herself while the house was burning.'

'Nevertheless, they are very religious people, as the world goes,' said my landlord. 'They belong to the church.'

I shook my head, and walked out to ponder upon what I had heard. The evening breeze was cool and refreshing, and as there was a fine moon, I strayed as far as the ruins of the fire. All was now blackness on the spot which a week ago had been wreathing with flame and smoke. The naked chimneys and sable walls stood up over a vast extent of ground like monsters of desolation brooding over the wreck of human art and labor. Their long shadows were cast upon the heaps of rubbish that were piled on every side, and the bright moon struggled through the chinks and breaches which the flame had opened in their hardened sides. I wandered listlessly over the ruins. I was alone, and nought was to be heard but the low moaning of the breeze which came off the water and complained amongst the rifted mason work. 'Such,' I exclaimed, 'ay, such is the destiny of every thing human. The hopes of mortals, which have been accumulating for years, are dashed to the earth at a blow.'

A deep-drawn sigh at my elbow made me start and turn round. A human form, which had been obscured by the shadow of a chimney, arrested my attention. I advanced towards it. It was a young man seated on a pile of stones. He arose as I approached him, and would have stolen away, had I not said, 'we have chosen a melancholy place for our contemplations, sir.' He did not answer, but turned his face towards me, and as the light of the moon fell full on his features, I recognized the brave youth who had delivered Anna Goldthwaite from a terrible death.

'I believe,' said I, 'that I recognize in you a person whom I have seen before. If I am not much mistaken, you had the happiness to save a young lady's life, about a week ago, near this spot.'

'The most unfortunate act of my life!' cried he, in a tone of anguish.

'You astonish me!' cried I. 'You do not mean to say that you repent of such a generous and gallant action?'

'Still, said he, 'I wish that another had saved her—then I should never have seen her—then I should still have been ignorant that there was such a seraph in existence, and I should not have been subjected to the tortures of disappointment and hopeless love.'

'My dear sir,' I replied, 'I feel deeply interested on your behalf, and should judge by what you say

that she does not consider your noble action sufficiently meritorious to —'

'You wrong her,' interrupted he passionately. 'Do you think I could love an ungrateful woman? She is as miserable as myself. Her eyes tell me so, though her tongue dare not own it.'

'Her guardian!' said I, as the thought of what my landlord had told me, flashed through my mind.

'What! do you know her?' asked he, coming nearer, and looking into my face.

'I do not know her, but I have heard of her,' replied I. 'Come, sit down a moment with me, and let us talk this matter over. A faithful counsellor is sometimes a great acquisition. Be assured that I am disposed to aid you all that lies in my power.'

This seemed to inspire him with a little confidence, and I led him to a seat, where we both rested ourselves, when he made me acquainted with the following facts. 'I am a native of this city,' said he, 'my prospects in life are such as to render the acquisition of a rich wife no object. Anna has a little property: but not enough to tempt the rapacity of a fortune hunter. But I think her guardians would be well pleased to lay hands on what she has. How else can we account for their singular remissness in not taking her with them when they left the house! I never saw her before the evening when I rescued her. I bore her to the house in which Mr. Valentine had taken shelter, and when the light fell upon her countenance, I was rivetted to the spot, for, till then, I had never looked upon a perfect model of feminine beauty. I could perceive by the looks of Valentine that he did not inwardly thank me for saving his lovely ward; but when she opened her lips to thank me for what I had done, when I heard the sweetest tones that ever fell from mortal lips, and when her large eloquent eyes were fixed upon mine, overflowing as they were with gratitude, there seemed to be nobody in the room but Anna and myself. I neither saw nor heard any other. But why endeavor to express my feelings at that extatic moment? Why harrow my own soul by recollecting how lovely that being is whom I am not permitted to see! I spent an hour with Anna. It seemed scarce a moment. I then returned to the fire, and continued all night in the exercise of my duty. On the afternoon of the next day, I made myself decent, and walked over to the house where I had left Anna to inquire after her health. Anna received me with smiles. We conversed about two hours together. Never held I such sweet intercourse with any human being before. Never found I such intelligence, such tenderness, such nobleness of heart on this cold earth! Just as I was on the point of expressing the state of my feelings towards her, Mr. Valentine blundered into the room with a countenance like a grave stone, and seated himself unceremoniously between Anna and me. I wished him, at that moment, on the other side of the globe. He commenced a dull conversation with me, which lasted so long that I feared I should not be again alone with the maiden. Perceiving that I was in no hurry to go, he, at length, asked me if I had any acquaintance with his ward. I was much surprised at this question, and told him that I hoped to be better acquainted with her. He then



sent Anna out of the room, and, after two or three godly heins, continued, 'Well, Mr. Clifton, I suppose you know that Anna is my ward?'

'I had understood so,' returned I.

'Well,' continued he, 'her father and I were particular friends. It is a long time since the good man died. He is now in Heaven; and I ought to do by his daughter, just as he would have done by her, had he lived till this day.'

'Well, sir!'

'Mr. Goldthwaite,' said Valentine, 'was a very good man—a very pious, religious man, and he had the same ideas as I have, sir.'

'I do not see what all this has to do with Anna and myself,' replied I.

'Simply that I have understood you were a Universalist,' answered Valentine, 'and if that is the case, why, you know—'

'That Anna alone is to be consulted,' interrupted I, indignantly.

'I can tell you better than that, young man,' said he, 'I shall not allow of your visits to her any more.'

'Our colloquy now became somewhat heated, and it ended in my being dismissed from the house, and forbidden ever to enter it again. Now, my friend, you see the situation in which I am placed. I am confident that my religious sentiments are not the real objection which he has to my visits. I believe that he is unwilling to let her property go out of his hands. That, however, he is welcome to keep, if I can only get Anna. But how can I expect to obtain her? I have not yet professed love to her, and she will suppose that I absent myself on purpose.'

When the young lover had finished his story, I replied—'yours is a hard case, certainly; but, from all that I have heard, I am inclined to entertain a very unfavorable opinion of this Valentine. I do not often counsel secret transactions, but the present case most certainly warrants them. My profession is of a kind which gains me access to every house, and although it is not common to peddle in the city, yet it will do on a pinch. Write a letter to Anna, and open your mind to her fully—state to her the manner in which you have been treated by her guardian, and request an answer. Call to-morrow at the sign of the Cornucopiæ, and inquire for me.' So saying, I presented him my card, and, cordially shaking each other by the hand, we parted.

On the next morning, young Clifton presented himself at my hotel. He gave me a letter for Anna, and, shouldering my pack, I departed for the house. I found it, without difficulty, and rapped at the door. Valentine opened it. He asked me, in a gruff voice, what I wanted.

I told him I had some fancy articles which I would sell cheap.

'Go along,' said he, 'we have shops enough, when we want to buy anything.'

'But I have here some beautiful shells from India, which you cannot get at the shops,' replied I, 'only look at them, sir,' and I threw down my pack. 'Perhaps the young ladies would like to buy them.'

I had thus aroused his curiosity, and he was quiet. Just then a form of such ethereal loveliness that I

knew it could be no other than Anna, came into the entry.

'Young lady!' cried I, 'look at these beautiful shells, if you please.'

She smiled in a melancholy manner, and came to the place where my pack lay. While she and the old man were leaning over, and looking at the shells, I contrived to slip the letter into her hand. She colored, and appeared very much surprised and embarrassed, but did not start or make any reply. She soon went away and left Valentine to examine and question me about the shells, which he did in the most arrogant and supercilious manner. In about five minutes, Anna returned and gave me a note in the same private manner in which I had presented the letter. I then gathered up my things and moved off, pleased to observe that Mr. Valentine had not suspected me. I found Clifton at the Cornucopiæ awaiting my return. He was overjoyed at my success, and I soon perceived that Anna's note contained agreeable intelligence. He handed it to me, as soon as he had read it. It ran thus:—

'Dear Sir,

I am much surprised at learning the duplicity of my guardian. He told me that you had signified to him that you should not call upon me any more, and I was led to believe that your regard for me was no more than that of a casual acquaintance. Unmaidenlike as it may appear, I believe that justice and candor both require me to say that your regard is not unpleasant to me, and that the gratitude which I feel for the signal service which you rendered me at a time when no other arm was stretched forth for my relief, is not the only sentiment with which your noble ideas and generous feelings have inspired me.

A. G.'

'That is quite enough,' said I to Clifton, after reading the note, 'now, all you have to do, is to bear away the prize!'

'You must see her again, then?'

'No, sir,' replied I, 'It is now your turn. I will engage a priest, and have every thing ready for performing the ceremony, while you must pluck the brand from the ruthless fangs of Valentine, as you plucked her from the flames.'

'Can you propose a way to bring it about?' inquired he anxiously.

'The first difficulty is removed,' said I. 'You are now secure of her affections, and it will be no hard matter to secure her person.'

'I have it!' cried he, as his eyes brightened with enthusiasm, 'I will go to the house in disguise.'

Accordingly, on the same evening, Clifton dressed himself in the garb of an old man, and repaired to the house which Valentine now occupied. Fortunately, Anna came to the door. He raised his hat and as the light fell upon his countenance, she recognized him.

'You are surprised to meet me thus, my dear girl,' said he, 'but what other manner was at my option? My heart has pined for you, for ten long days, each hour of which has seemed an age. I can never be happy without you; and the longer we remain apart, the more unhappiness must I suffer, for at the end of



one year, there will be no more prospect of our union than there is now. Is it not so?

'It is too true,' sighed the blushing girl.

'Well, then,' continued Clifton, 'why will you not name the time when you will meet me, when you will suffer me to lead you to the holy man, and seal our mutual happiness? There is no time like the present.'

'I fear it will be looked upon by all my friends as a rash deed,' said she, trembling violently. 'You can no longer doubt my affection—why then should we hasten the issue prematurely?'

'Because, my dear Anna, there is no prospect of your guardian's consent being ever obtained. It is for that reason, that I think the sooner you are delivered from him the better. I will have every thing prepared.'

'Anna, who is that at the door?' cried the harsh voice of Mr. Valentine within.

'A friend of mine,' answered she.

'Come, speak quick!' cried Clifton,—'he will be out here in a minute, and he will take measures that we never meet again.'

'Why do n't your friend come in?' cried Mr. Valentine.

'I consent—I consent!' said Anna, as she heard Mr. Valentine coming into the entry.

'To-morrow night—meet me all prepared under the pine tree on the common.' She squeezed his hand, but could make no other answer, as Mr. Valentine was already near the door.

Clifton departed, and left Anna to satisfy her fastidious guardian as she best could; and there can be no doubt that she was woman enough to do it.

Clifton and I met that evening, and arranged our plans for the forthcoming ceremony. He was very much afraid that Mr. Valentine would get the truth out of Anna, and hinder her from coming to the pine tree; but I assured him that I never knew a woman who could not manage such matters satisfactorily, if she was so disposed. Clifton's mother was an opulent widow, who had always indulged her son in every thing, and he was worthy of such indulgence. His own good sense and just principles never failed to lead him aright. Happy the parent who has such a son! Mrs. Clifton had been apprised of her son's intention, and had prepared her house for the celebration of the nuptial ceremony. Every thing seemed to promise well; and at an early hour on the next evening, Clifton and myself repaired to the tree. Every young lady who approached was closely scrutinized by Clifton, and his disappointment was hard to be borne. The clocks struck nine, and Anna had not yet come. Clifton could scarcely contain his chagrin. 'Something must have happened to her,' said he, 'I will go and fetch her hence!' I cautioned him against attempting any thing so rash, told him that, on all occasions, it took young ladies a great while to dress—especially when they were about getting married. At length we saw two female figures stealing softly along towards us. "'T is she!' cried Clifton, and in a moment, he and Anna were in each other's arms. Clifton could scarcely contain his transport, but Anna cried in a hurried manner, 'Come! we must leave this place at once.' I thought I saw

Mr. Valentine following us! We took the hint and led the two ladies directly towards the church, where the priest awaited our arrival. We looked about us, as we entered, but could see no one at hand, and concluded that Anna had been needlessly alarmed. We approached the altar and the ceremony commenced. Anna's responses were low, and she trembled with apprehension. Clifton looked triumphant and happy. He now thought all was safe, and that his agonizing doubts and fears were at an end. His eyes sparkled with transport, and he replied, with firmness and enthusiasm, to the questions of the ecclesiastic. But, just as the ceremony was about being concluded, a man rushed into the aisle, and advancing swiftly towards the altar, exclaimed aloud, 'Hold! stop, on your peril! I am the girl's guardian!' Every eye was turned on the intruder. It was Mr. Valentine. The priest stopped short, and turned an astonished gaze upon Clifton. 'Go on, for heaven's sake! Finish quickly!' cried the despairing youth. 'Why do you pause?'

The priest replied that he could not go on, until matters had been fully explained. Mr. Valentine took advantage of the priest's hesitation, and cried out, 'This wicked young man has seduced my ward from her home, in order to get hold of her property. He is a very bad young man! He is an unbeliever. He scoffs at God and religion! He is a Universalist and a villain!' Valentine then seized Anna violently by the arm, and was about dragging her from the church, when a slight rustling was heard in a distant part of the church, and a tall figure muffled to the eyes, advanced with slow and stately strides towards the altar.

'Let the ceremony proceed!' said he, in a calm, awful voice. Every one was struck with surprise and dread. Even Valentine relinquished his hold on the girl, and turning his staring eye-balls towards the mysterious apparition, cried in a trembling voice, 'who and what art thou?'

'Vile man, you shall quickly know!' said the other, as he threw open his cloak, and disclosed the features of the solemn stranger whom I had seen at the fire.

'The hermit of the red mountain!' exclaimed the priest. Mr. Valentine had looked a moment in the face of the hermit, and then suddenly cowered beneath his terrible glance, and sunk trembling into a seat.

'I am the father of Anna Goldthwaite,' said the stranger, 'speak, Mr. Valentine, do you not know me? Am I not her father?'

'My father!' screamed Anna, rushing towards him.

'Stay, my daughter,' said he, 'embrace me not, until you are united with the noble youth who has so fairly won your esteem and affection. I give you to him.'

'But,' cried Valentine, staggering forward, 'My dear friend, he is a Universalist. I have done all for the best, just as I thought you would have done if you had been in my place.'

'Oh, yes!' cried the hermit, with a withering frown, 'I should have, no doubt, gone out of a burning house, and left her to take care of herself! I was



present, sir—I heard your words, although I did not know at the time that Anna was in the building. You would have let her die, in order that you might inherit her property. I have secretly had an eye upon your movements for several years. I saw this brave youth risk his life as freely as if it were nothing, and drag my girl from the flames. Oh! 't was gallantly, nobly, gloriously done! Away! vile wretch! get thee gone!' Valentine sneaked off in a hurry, begging the company not to expose him. Then turning towards the altar, the hermit said, 'Led away by foolish dogmas, and impressed with superstitious terrors, I left my family some years ago, and took up my abode in a wild spot on the top of a high mountain, where I thought by prayer and fasting to turn away the shafts of Almighty vengeance—but my eyes have been opened, I have seen that God delighteth in mercy, and that he willeth that all should be saved. Nevertheless, I have become so much accustomed to living alone with Nature and Nature's God, that I shall return to my cloud-capt dwelling. If you ever need me, my children, you must send for me.'

Clifton and Anna were immediately married, and the hermit was persuaded to be present at the wedding, where, notwithstanding his unique appearance, his benevolence and good sense gained him the love and admiration of all hearts.

### SOURCES OF HUMAN WOE.

#### Original.

'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.'—PSALM xlii. 11.

THESE words of David suggest two topics, viz: First, That various things serve to cast down or afflict the children of men; and second, that a hope in God will impart joy, and health, and put the song of praise into the mouth, even in the hour of adversity; and, that it is the duty and privilege of all to trust in God. These, however, I shall consider conjointly.

There are numerous sources whence afflictions arise. And I shall aim only to set forth a few.

#### 1st. A lack of the necessities of life.

There are more persons in this situation than most people imagine. The poor are always with us, and shall not cease out of the land. And little does the rich man think, when he sits down to his splendid board, with the first fruits of the season smoking upon his table, how many miserable wretches lack the common necessities of life. How many have fatherless children around them, who cry for bread, when but a scanty pittance is afforded them. Were these things realized, methinks the opulent and wealthy would not partake of their sumptuous fare, until the needy in their immediate vicinity were well provided for.

Yes, without doubt, there are very many this present season, who are watching the approach of stern winter, with fearful solicitude. Their dwelling, perchance, will not ward off the cold north-east storm,

their store-house is empty, their woodpile is exceedingly low—and they know not by what means these will any or all of them be replenished.

How dreadful must be the emotions of that fond mother, whose means of procuring a livelihood are small, when she looks upon the innocent faces of her fond and cherished babes, and thinks of the approach of winter, of her own exposure to sickness, and their consequent exposure to want! While she meditates upon her condition the tear of sorrow and despair start from her eyes, and her anguish is augmented by the tender inquiry—'Mother, what is the matter? do n't cry.' And how acute must be the pain, to a sensitive mind, when the last penny is spent for bread, the last piece is in the hand of the child, the winter clothes have not been procured, and the last and lonely stick of wood blazes upon the hearth! Shall I carry out the picture? Nay, I spare you.

Now to all in such circumstances, we say, hope in God. He is thy help. He is thy deliverer. He can and will give the needed relief. If the inquiry arises, How shall I get through the coming winter? answer is, The same as you did through the last. Did some friend assist you then? Hope in God. He will raise up some one to assist you this. 'Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, will he not much more clothe you? Consider the fowles of the air, they sow not, neither do they reap, yet your heavenly father provideth for them. Two sparrows are sold for a farthing, yet not one of them falls to the ground without your heavenly Father's notice. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows.'

Let none who lack the necessities of life borrow trouble. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Let them bear in mind the language of the Savior now quoted, trust in God, and health and prosperity will attend them. God is good and kind. He pities and relieves his children. He says, 'Look unto me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver you.' And let those who have an abundance of this world's goods, impart to those in need, and heaven will bless and succeed them. For testimony is—'Give and it shall be given you; good measure, heaped up, pressed down, shaken together and running over, shall men heap into your bosoms.'

#### 2d. Another source whence afflictions arise is sickness and disease.

Our health, which is one of the greatest blessings bestowed upon us, is as precarious as life. No one is exempt from the palsying hand of disease. A great change may be effected in a few hours. Behold that young man or woman, who, no longer ago than yesterday, were in the full enjoyment of health—the rose bloomed upon their cheeks—animation sparkled in their eyes—activity was in every limb. Now, the rose has faded—the eye is heavy and dim—the limbs are feeble, and the strength is fast wasting away. Witness yonder father. He is cast down. Sorrow is written in legible characters on every feature. Go enquire the cause of his grief. You learn that his only son or daughter is dangerously sick. The fe-



ver rages. Hope has fled, and black despair fills the heart of the parent.

Disease lays his blighting hand upon father, mother, brother, sister, husband and wife, and each in turn are cast down. But let them cherish a hope in God. Let this principle arise in the mind with healing in its wings, and the countenance will lose a measure of its sadness, health will be imparted to the soul, and joys divine will in a measure chase away the darkness of the mind. And if the afflicted one will but hope in God, his pains will lose their severity, and disease will be robbed of its terror.

3d. Another cause which produces sorrow is, the loss of friends. How common is this affliction! And it is well that it is so. Were it otherwise, man would sink beneath the load of accumulated woe. When death enters the family circle, when he levels his bow, and discharges an arrow which takes effect, and in consequence thereof, one or more members of the happy group composing the family circle, falls a prey to the despoiler, the mind of the friend cannot be otherwise than cast down.

When the iron grasp of death is laid upon the lovely babe, the affectionate daughter, the dutiful son, the confiding and affectionate wife, the kind and dutiful husband, or the indulgent and attentive parent, it is then the 'soul oppressed with sorrow's weight,' gives utterance to its deep and burning anguish, in the language of pious Job, 'Have pity upon me, O ye my friends, have pity upon me, for the hand of God hath touched me.'

It is idle to request the mourner to dry his or her tears. The soul will give vent to its deep anguish in this way. Neither can we stop the rising sigh, and say to the throbbing bosom, peace, be still; but we may direct the mourner to imitate the sweet singer of Israel, we may bid them, like him, to hope in God, assuring them that they shall yet praise him, and that by hoping in God their sorrow will be diminished, their minds will enjoy health, their countenances will be lighted up with smiles, and that peace will dwell in their bosoms.

It is no sin to mourn and weep---Jesus wept. The sin is in refusing to trust in God---in neglecting to look to him for comfort---in not hoping in his mercy and goodness. Let every child of sorrow look to God for comfort, believe his promises, indulge the hope of coming immortality, cherish a lively faith in the assurance, that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive; that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Let all such believe, that this mortal shall put on immortality, and death be swallowed up in victory. This will assuage their grief and give them a permanent support.

4th. Separation from our friends, and ignorance of their condition, will cause sorrow.

How many sorrowful hearts and cast down souls are there at this moment, who can assign no other cause for their grief than the one just named. Their friends are absent, either necessarily or unnecessarily; they know not what is their true situation. They are in suspense; and this state of feeling is worse than knowing the reality, be that ever

so bad. Conjecture is never idle, when the truth is shut from the mind.

To have a son absent at sea, or a husband upon the water, exposed to the perils of the deep and the pestilence which walketh in darkness, and wasteth at noon-day in foreign places, will chase the smile from the face, and give an expression of care and deep solicitude to the countenance. Think for one moment of the wife of the poor mariner who was tried and condemned for piracy in this city, though subsequently pardoned. Behold her anxiety! she charts a vessel---leaves her little ones behind---comes to America---visits the chief magistrate of the nation---intercedes with him---obtains a full and free pardon, and then goes to bear the cheerful inheritance to her companion, giving an illustration of pure affection and of an unwavering devotion, which says---

'I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in thy heart,  
I know that I love thee, whatever thou art.'

Here was hope in full exercise. Had she hesitated or doubted, probably she would not have come---her poor husband would have laid in prison, and perhaps would have been executed. The word is to all who are separated from their friends---who are ignorant of their true condition---indulge a hope of meeting them again on earth. Believe that God reigns. That all events flow in order, according to his infinite will. And, that in due time, he will restore to you those you love.

5th. Others are cast down because of the loss of property, or disappointment in business.

Now and then you meet a man who carries his head low; his step is hurried; he shuns the haunts of busy life; he is lonely and sorrowful. He looks with anguish upon the prosperity of others, and is envious at the affluence of the great. You inquire into his history, and learn from authenticated sources, that wealth and prosperity once attended him, and thousands moved at his bidding; but by some strange disaster, his riches took to themselves wings and fled away. By some singular freak of fortune, his prosperity forsook him, and the purse-proud man of yesterday, is a sycophant to-day. Money was his god. That has been taken away, and he knows not where it is laid. He refuses to be comforted because his riches are not. But what are riches? Will they answer for mortals to trust in? No. This man has erred. He has trusted in uncertain riches, instead of trusting in the living God. Had he placed his confidence on high, and laid up treasures in heaven, he would not be thus disconsolate on losing earthly riches. Had he hoped in God, when the hour of adversity came upon him, he would have been in peace. He would have gone on with renewed energy, and doubtless would have accumulated a sufficiency of this world's goods in a short time.

Reader, have you been unfortunate in business? has the devouring flame come near your substance, and taken from you the little property you had accumulated by honest industry? Do not be disheartened; hope in God. Look forward to brighter and better days. Have you made unwise bargains, and thereby robbed yourself and family. Then look out



for the future. Be more careful. Trust in God. Hope in his wisdom, seek his guidance, and resolve to walk according to the principles of equity and righteousness. It is a shame for one in the meridian of life to be cast down and disquieted because he loses a little property, or is disappointed in business. Let him take hold afresh, and soon he will regain his former standing in society, and perhaps acquire twice the amount of property he has lost. And above all things, let him not give himself up to despair, but hope in God.

6th. Some feel and know, or imagine themselves surrounded by treacherous and false friends—and are traduced by backbiters and evil speakers, and are therefore cast down. This is one of the worst afflictions. To be upon the mountains, exposed to the beasts of prey is preferable to being surrounded by treacherous men. Yes, perils by sea or land, in the wilderness, and upon the mountains, are nothing compared to perils among false brethren.

To lose one's property sinks into nothingness when compared with the evil which takes from a man his good name. Property can be replaced, but a good name, when once gone, cannot be so easily replaced. The bard of other days was right when he said—

'Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.'

When one whom we have regarded as an intimate and confiding friend, one to whom we have opened the fulness of our souls, and let into the most secret recesses of our hearts, not only forsakes us, but joins with enemies in the work of detraction, I wonder not, neither am I surprised, that the soul of the sufferer is cast down. When an individual can soliloquize somewhat in the language of Jeremiah, 'I heard the defaming; fear came on every side. All my familiars watch for my halting. Report, say they, and we will report. Peradventure his foot may slide, say they, and we will take the advantage over him,' a man must have nerves of iron, and be MONOMANIA in his self-esteem, and have the courage of a lion, not to be affected very sensibly.

When one who has set at our table, and by our fireside, and with whom we have taken sweet counsel, lifts up his heel against us, we are not prepared for the blow, and it overwhelms us in sorrow and despair. Is what I am now stating all a matter of conjecture, or do facts justify these remarks? Alas, too many cases are there of this nature. How many hearts now bleed over the grave of false friendship. How many instances of the baseness of false friends are recorded in history. Read your Bibles. There you will find facts of this nature recorded. Joab came to his brother and saluted him with the voice of friendship, and thrust a dagger into his bosom. David experienced trouble of this nature from his own son. He undoubtedly referred to this treachery in one of the psalms, in these words—'Mine enemies speak evil of me—if he come to see me he speaketh vanity; his heart gathereth iniquity to itself; when he goeth abroad, he telleth it. All that hate

me whisper together against me. Yea, mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me.' Is not this the language of one who is in perils among false brethren?

7th. That sin and transgression will invariably have a tendency to cast the guilty down. Do not be deceived by the barefaced falsehoods of those who pretend that iniquity is productive of happiness. Believe them not. When a man transgresses the laws of God, he cannot be other than miserable. Go to your prisons. Behold the gloomy countenances of the wretched inmates, and then say, if you can, that the wicked are happy. But this is a common topic, and one with which all are familiar, I will therefore dismiss it.

I have touched upon a few of the many causes of human suffering, and the remainder must be passed by for the present. Our hearts would sink within us while we contemplate the sources of human affliction, did not the soothing voice of inspiration whisper—'No affliction is for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless it yieldeth to those who are exercised thereby, the peaceable fruits of righteousness.' This is enough. We bow in submission to the will of high Heaven, knowing that he orders all things for the best. While he afflicts, he has the good of the sufferer in view, and will temper every blow with mercy.

Yes, and the guilty wretch who is cast down because his guilt stares him full in the face, may look up to heaven and find pardon. There is hope for him. There is no unreconciliation on the part of God towards him. He is unreconciled. But let him bow submissively to God, break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by turning to the Lord, and enjoy the consolations of righteousness, and the well-grounded hope of future immortality. D. D. S.

### AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE  
YOUNG MEN'S UNIVERSALIST INSTITUTES.

Original.

'Wise men lay up knowledge.'—PROV. X. 14.

THE scene which now presents itself before me, is to me, one of the most pleasurable and momentous interest. Here are presented to my view a numerous assemblage of youth, like myself, just springing into manhood. Here are young men, who as they are the successors of a passing generation, must be also the progenitors of a future; and, to whom their sons will look up, as they have to their fathers, for counsel and example. Young men, just stepping into the vestibule of active existence, some of whom, perchance, are to supply high and responsible offices and trust, in their country's government, which now their seniors fill; young men, who perhaps are hereafter, as advocates for the cause of their country, to appear before the people of this realm; or, it may be, go out as the champions of their native land, to assert her rights against the invader; or, last of all, but not the least, to go forth, not only as the champions of the immu-



nities of humanity, but as the heralds of their God. And, while I look around, having in view the objects of this Institution, and behold in your unclouded countenances, the joy which you experience in the attainment of these objects, I can but say, that I feel the chords of my heart thrill in unison with yours.

The avowed objects of this assembly, are the attainment of knowledge, and the elicitation of truth; and, in such a design, the youthful mind cannot too heartily participate. Upon the prevalence of this spirit, mainly depend our country's welfare and independence; our children's moral and intellectual freedom and refinement, and our own success and enjoyment in our domestic, social and public relations and capacities; and finally the redemption of a degraded and benighted world.

Too long has the blighting frown of bigotry cowed the mind to a tame submission to its yoke! too long have the votaries of superstition scoffed in their power at their deluded followers! too long have the mildews of ignorance robbed the soul of its luxuriance—man has at last been awakened to a sense of the thralldom of these usurpers of his highest glory; and, let but the spirit which animates this assembly become prevalent in the earth, and the mind, aroused to a sense of its lofty heirship, will rise in rebellion against its numerous oppressors, and stride triumphant over the ruins of their crumbled thrones, and gain its native sphere.

Young men! ye are engaged in a highly laudable purpose, and not only in such, but in a duty which each one owes to himself. And, as such, while it affords you substantial pleasure and profit now, will be a source of gratifying retrospection hereafter. Often, as the clouds of adversity hover around your path in after life, will ye turn to gaze on this hallowed era of your existence, when, perchance, you drank the first draught of that exhilarating stream, which was to prove your sole refreshment midst the arid desert of life. And, as ye lead your children beside the same fountain, and tell to them your own blissful experience of its efficacy, you will breathe an aspiration that they may be enabled to find in it, a healing balm for all their coming woes, as you have done before them.

And permit me to repeat, that I fully reciprocate your effort for your moral and religious culture, and that, while I sympathize with your spirit, I do it as a member of your fraternity—a young man.

Let us now proceed to an analization of our text, which avers, that 'wise men lay up knowledge.' It is indeed, the only true criterion of a 'wise man,' one who esteems his mind according to its priceless value, that he attends to its cultivation. It was once, and is now, considered of vital importance to improve the physical powers of man, in preference to his intellectual faculties. But that erroneous notion is fast becoming obsolete, and sinking to that oblivion which it so eminently deserves.

The incalculable preeminence of the intellectual, over the mere muscular strength of man, is apparent upon a very slight reflection.

This material frame is but the mind's subordinate—the servant of its will, and the purveyor of its pleasures. The eyes, as they gaze abroad upon the beauty

and sublimity of nature, are but a medium of delight to the soul—the ear, as it catches the pleasing harmonies of creation, bears to the inmost recesses of the heart a sensation of the most exquisite enjoyment. The tongue is formed but for the utterance of the mind's creations; and the hand, in the noblest effort of its physical energy, is actuated and guided by its helmsman—the mind.

Man, by the vigor of his bodily powers, may fathom the depths of the ocean, or pierce the surface of the earth; but, it is the mind alone which creates the means. Man may, by the influence of an ethereal principle, float amidst the density of the atmosphere; but, it is the mind alone, which can visit the realms of space unknown, and, soaring on to spheres unseen by the eye, curvet midst the fields of an infinity. And, while the physical energies of man are doomed to decay, the mind is the heir of an immortal and sorrowless existence.

With these facts in view, it is impossible not to perceive the immense superiority of the intellectual over the physical faculties, and the proportionable necessity of their cultivation. And he who gives his entire attention to the improvement and adornment of his body, and neglects its more noble tenant, is pursuing a course, which, if followed by all, would not only be detrimental to man, as such, but, absolutely ruinous to him in his capacity of a moral, intellectual and social being.

And it was in this view of the case, that Solomon gave the injunction of the text—'Wise men lay up knowledge.'

Our discourse will be divided into four sections. Firstly, I shall present to you a brief view of the general nature and tendency of knowledge, and then proceed to show the effect of what will be denominated moral knowledge; literary or scientific knowledge; and religious knowledge. Firstly, a consideration of the nature and tendencies of knowledge in general.

When man is first ushered into life, his faculties are all in embryo. His immature perceptions as yet unexpanded, are like a fertile spot of ground, which, though uncultivated and unoccupied, is capable of producing the most brilliant and useful flowers. The eye roves round, and endeavors to present to the mind, some conception of the objects upon which it alights. The ear, as it catches the various sounds which salute it, and every sense of which the infant is possessed, combine to assure it of its existence, which is to it a perfect enigma. But, through the medium of instruction, as he becomes more capable of comprehending the origin and intention of objects, which first attracted his attention, the familiar things are laid aside, and the mind directs its powers to understand and learn something unknown before; and as it progresses, has ever before it an exhaustless range, wherein it can satisfy its boundless desire for information, and yet have always immeasurable scope for inquiry.

God has placed within the range of man's mental and visual powers, abundance of inducements for the attainment of knowledge; and these inducements are contained within the objects of our research. The foundation of all knowledge, is nature.



From her examples we can draw illustrations beneficial to ourselves; and, from her known principles, originated, as I may say, every science, every sublime theory known to and practiced by mortals. But those examples were once unknown, and those principles were once a mystery to all: and, generally speaking, it was, and is, but by a course of steady and laborious studiousness, that they have been, or are, attained at all.

But whatever knowledge is in its many diversities, it is knowledge still, and was designed by him who gave us the power of receiving and appreciating it, as the means of his glorification in the earth; not only by improving our minds and elevating us to that standard among the animated creatures of his hand, which we were formed to occupy, and thus conducing to his glory, and our welfare, but, as a means of making us acquainted with him through his works. For which purpose he has spread the glorious creations of his omnipotence before us, and implanted within us a principle capable of enjoying them. While the same feeling which prompts the enjoyment of them, incites also an inquiry into their nature and origin, which also their supereminent glory seems to invite.

True it is, that, while knowledge is designed in a great degree to glorify God unto those who are capable of understanding his glory and esteeming it, it is sometimes subverted; and, by the sophistry of some, and the folly of others, made subversive to the accomplishment of the very purposes for the prevention of which it was designed. That such should be the state of things, is much to be lamented. It arises principally from the inordinate desire of man for his own aggrandizement; creating, thereby, in his mind, a proportionable disregard for that of God. Some men would fain persuade themselves, and have others believe if they could, that they are the sole thinking and creating intelligences in existence; that they are they alone who are worthy of the name of gods, and that they are entitled to the credit of discovering to man his true station in the ranks of existence. Alas! puny mortals! though they think thus, they cannot control their own circumstances to their will; they cannot avert the stroke of fate; they resolve, and mighty are their resolutions; they swear by themselves, for they know of none greater, that they will perform; but, alas! for their vast projects, life is not at their option, and their projects with their existence are blasted, as they believe forever; but knowledge teaches us otherwise. More of this, however, hereafter.

Having thus considered one of the designs of knowledge, which is to glorify God, we will briefly survey its tendencies to man.

God, while he designed that knowledge should conduce, in its nature and effects, to his praise and exaltation, to his creature man, intended that it should also prove beneficial to him.

'The mind,' says the poet, 'is the standard of the man;' and so is the character, by the same rule and on the same grounds, the standard of the mind; and knowledge, in conducing essentially to the formation of the character, not only decides the standard of the mind, and elevates it to its designed

sphere, but promotes civilization in the world; making all things new; refining barbarianism; instituting intellectual privileges; reclaiming and renewing society, and establishing not only the independence of a nation, but, the moral, intellectual, civil and social freedom of the world. But let us consider separately the tendencies of the distinct species of knowledge upon the mind and upon the world. Firstly, moral knowledge. Character consists essentially of two attributes, namely, the moral and the scientific. Now a person may be a very moral and virtuous person, without being well informed in subjects of literature; but he must necessarily have that knowledge, and perhaps it may be experimental, or at least it must be observational, which will instruct him in the fact, that morality and virtue, when practiced in principle, are better not only for individuals and societies, but for governments and the world generally.

Perhaps it may be here objected by some person, that some of our most moral qualities are inherent and instinctive in us; and consequently, acting upon the impulse of nature, knowledge is, in such a case, superfluous, as we are intuitively moral. This position is certainly self-evident, and must be allowed. Knowledge is certainly, in such a case, implanted by nature from our birth, and goes under the title of instinctive knowledge. For instance, a parent is moral and amiable, in that trait of character, evinced in love and affection towards her offspring; but even here, though no knowledge, except instinctive knowledge, is required to actuate us, knowledge, experimental or observational, is needed, to direct us in the practice of affection. We may carry our love too far, and thus abuse it, and injure its object. And hence, our first position proves good, that knowledge, experimental or observational, is requisite to the correct practice of moral principles. Again; although we are possessed naturally, of many amiable and noble traits of mind, we are also the inheritors of many sordid and headlong passions, which kept within bounds are, and were originally designed by their Giver to be, the medium of good results; but which, unrestrained, and inconsiderately left to take full control over us, would be, have been, and are now, the primal cause of every evil in the world.

Now in the exercise of these affections and passions of the mind, judiciousness is required; and the very term judiciousness supposes some degree of knowledge. A person cannot be consistent in the selection of an article of merchandise, except he have some knowledge of that article; and, the more he understands its value,—the better he is acquainted with its quality, the more ready and the more able will he be to make a choice; and that choice will eventuate, either for his own interest, or for the interest of the person for whom he is purchasing.

But, suppose that person were entirely ignorant of the true value or quality of the article; the selection would be far more likely to prove detrimental to the interest either of himself, or of his employer, than otherwise.

And so is it with the exercise of the passions and affections of the mind. Judiciousness, as I before said, is indispensable to a good selection, and con-



sistency in their use. And to exercise judiciousness, we must not only study their various bearings upon the interests of society, and the welfare of the world,—the various degrees and modifications required in their use, and the extent to which they are to be allowed to control us, but we must study ourselves. We must understand the dispositions and characters, as well as the capacities of our own minds. And when we are able to conceive, comprehend, and govern ourselves, then may we be enabled to conform ourselves to other standards of example, and finally to shine out as bright and perfect patterns to others.

The study best adapted to improve society, and enhance the welfare of man, is man. And this maxim, fact and reason as well as experience prove true. By contrasting the virtues of others, by the darker shades of our own characters, we are enabled to perceive their heinousness, and are consequently led to cleanse ourselves of the stain, and imitate the model which is set before us. And by viewing the effects of the same evil dispositions of which we in a degree are possessed, in our fellows, we are confirmed in our resolutions of subduing them in ourselves. And, if every person should establish this rule as his standard of practice, and study the vices of others, not for the purpose of passing judgment, but of avoiding the same in himself, and view the virtues of others, for the purpose of imitating the same, the state of society would be far different from what it is. Truly, in this view, the text is correct in the axiom which it establishes, namely—'Wise men lay up knowledge.'

Secondly, It was stated in a previous part of this discourse, that character consisted of two essential attributes, or was divided into two portions, namely, the moral and the scientific. It was also stated that a person could be exceedingly moral and virtuous, without being well informed in the subjects of literature. Although this is true, literary knowledge does not in the least conduce to immorality. Nor is it to be inferred that literary pursuits are of an immoral tendency, and consequently, that a research in the many sublime sciences is calculated to debase the mind. So far from it is the fact, that Bacon, Locke, Newton, Franklin, and a host of others, stand out in brilliant and glorious array against such a supposition.

Scientific and literary knowledge are directly adapted to elevate the mind, improve the intellect, adorn the understanding, and promote the social, moral, and universal and united interests of humanity and the world in general. For a scientific man, one who has made the various and glorious branches of wisdom his study, to delight in the frivolities of vicious and sensual pleasure, would be an absolute paradox.

Such a man has too much regard for himself; he knows too well the inestimable value of his intellectual powers, to tamper with them thus, and degrade them by the contaminations of vice. He perceives that the mind was ordained to a nobler duty than to be the mere medium for the gratification of vitiated and debasing propensities. He knows too well his relation to his fellow beings, and his God, to commit such sacrilege upon the holiest and best gift of the Creator to man—the mind. But his delight is, to attain knowledge, that he may improve himself and his

brother man. He loves to hold communion with his God, through the medium of a knowledge of his works. His motive is, to teach himself, that he may teach others. The minor things of earth are laid aside. With him, the intellect is the intellect in its proper sphere, and not the mere tool of a depraved and bestial passion.

How vastly superior is the character and the attributes of man to those of the rest of the animal creation; and yet, how often do we behold these attributes degraded, and man, sunk from the elevation in which his Creator had placed him, grovelling in the indulgence of sensual appetites, and making the only trait which distinguishes him from the brute, subservient to beastly propensities and pleasures. Like the brute, their passions are entirely devoid of intellectual restraint. The only morality they know, is the gratification of their baser disposition. The indulgence of its desires is a form and portion of their religion, if they have any; and, the refinement of the pleasures arising from their indulgence, the only improvement at which their mind aims.

And such is unavoidably and invariably the effect of ignorance. The result of leaving the mind uncultivated and barren. Leaving thorns and weeds to spring up, where beautiful and brilliant as well as useful plants, should have been sown and nurtured.

But let the light of knowledge illumine those darkened minds, and the intellect, late grovelling amidst the impurity of a beastly degradation, sees at once its debasements, sees at once its utter subversion, and rising from its slavish humility, seizes its native heirdom, thrones itself amid the lordly courts of wisdom, and thus gives that character to man, which, of all the animated creation, is his alone. Thus controls the more sensual appetites and keeps them within due bounds: and thus incites to the pursuance of that course of virtue, which is the grand characteristic of a well regulated and improved intellect. Thus ameliorating the evils existent in society, rendering stable the most tottering and ill regulated government, and establishing, and warranting to the world all its immunities and rights.

Such is the nature and such are the tendencies of knowledge in general. And such effects and results are certainly desirable, yea, indispensable in the present state of society in some portions of our globe. And may the period soon arrive when all, viewing the case in its appropriate light, and appreciating the blessed influences of knowledge, shall acknowledge, in principle and practice, the maxim of the text, that, 'Wise men lay up knowledge.'

Thirdly. Having considered the general nature and tendencies of moral and literary knowledge, we now arrive at a consideration of that particular sphere of knowledge which will be at this time denominated religious knowledge.

Knowledge generally is but a supplement to religious knowledge. In a former part of this discourse it was stated, that knowledge was designed to glorify God in the earth; religious knowledge reveals unto us that God. It is this species of knowledge which is particularly imparted by the glorious text-book of wisdom, the scriptures. By some cavillers, it has been stated that they, for themselves, could not see



the necessity of the introduction of this knowledge into the world. This is no more than a nine days' wonder, however, for persons of this description, are not in general, exceedingly far-sighted, and are apt, in their blindness, to suppose themselves better capable of judging of such things, that their Creator, who has seen fit to allow the existence and the blessings of such knowledge.

But let us consider briefly and impartially, the prominent advantages of religious knowledge. Firstly, Religious knowledge reveals to us our Creator. Nature, as has been previously more than hinted, evinces in its conception and operation, the hand of a mighty Architect. Every event of providence, and every circumstance of existence, portray an overruling power. And creation, by its subserviency to established laws, acknowledges an universal sovereignty. And thus, the study of nature and its operations, may come under the head, in acquirement, of religious knowledge. But, as we have previously, in a degree, considered, in the advantages of general knowledge, those of the study of nature, we will proceed to the discussion of that species of religious knowledge, which may come under the title of biblical knowledge.

Biblical knowledge, while it reveals to us our Creator, has its own proper sphere, and yet, is perfectly harmonious with nature; agreeing, in every essential trait or attribute, which may be discovered by a communion with his works, as appertaining to his character; and, while it harmonizes, establishes fully and incontestably, the fact of Jehovah's existence, his right of jurisdiction over the earth and the universe, and his parental, benevolent, majestic and consistent character.

And is it of no consequence that God should be thus revealed? is it sufficient that his works should give us the sole information concerning him? Alas! humanity is but too liable to see things 'as through a glass darkly.' And, in endeavoring to know others, we are but too apt to form an opinion from what we know of ourselves. And not only has man erred, egregiously, heretofore, in endeavoring to discover his Creator by his works, but, even with the bright and brilliant light of revelation to enlighten his understanding, revelation, given, and confirmed as truth, by God himself,—he has mistaken the character of his Creator, and, instead of conforming himself to his glorious likeness, has conformed God's perfection, in his fancy, to the image of his own depraved character. But, thank Heaven, that we have a revelation; far better were it for man to bow to the true and unseen Deity, even though his glories were dimmed, by the imaginings of his creature, than to grovel at the feet of a brute, or reptile, or vow allegiance to a lifeless and senseless block of wood and stone, to the utter banishment of all Deity from his mind. And such, it is universally known, has been and is now the effect of permitting man to found his ideas of his God from his own imagination, and the contemplation of Jehovah's creations. Not that his works possess within themselves any indications which are calculated to lead the mind astray from the discovery of the real character of their designer, but, that man, as has been said before, is liable to behold things through the glass of his fancy 'darkly.' And re-

velation entirely obviates this difficulty, except with some few egotistical mortals, who, capable of imagining nobody better than themselves, still persist to behold their Creator in the mirror of their own imperfect characters, or suppose that scripture is a falsehood, because it represents him as more perfect than themselves, and consequently reject it, with its Giver, altogether.

But, nevertheless, with the candid, the judicious, the humble, yet elevated mind, the revelation of God is designed to accomplish a glorious purpose. It establishes its faith, gives it clear, consistent and definite views of Jehovah's attributes and general character; draws the soul to a close and rapturous communion with its Creator; unlocks the portals of truth, to the inquiring and considerate mind, and will finally rear the standard of God's immutable and dimless glory in the world, and utterly abolish every idolatrous system of worship in the earth.

Secondly. Religious knowledge, while it reveals to us our Creator in the legitimate light of the only true and perfect God, presents before the mind precepts and principles of action, which are best adapted to promote the social, moral and intellectual interests of society. These precepts and principles are the very basis of virtue and justice. They are perfectly in accordance one with the other. Within individuals, if they are received as the standard of practice, they harmonize the feelings, soothe the angry tempest of the passions; control all evil thoughts and tendencies of the mind; plant the seeds of love; purify the heart; nurture every kindly affection of the soul; lead us gently and pleasantly along the paths of virtue and of peace, and carry us through life in neighborly concord with our fellow-mortals. If they are regarded by communities or families, the result is, a union of sociability and affection; a sympathy with the sorrowful; mercy towards the criminal; forgiveness to the penitent; charity, which 'loveth much' and is 'kind to all,' where it is needed; pity for the erring, and a united feeling of respect for order, virtue, morality, and truth. And let these principles, in their spirit, be infused into the laws of nations; let governments be founded upon their basis, and subjects would be subjects, nor in sorrow, not in servitude, but with gratitude and joy. Slaves would be freemen, and freemen would rejoice in the immunities of liberty and law; social order would be restored, where confusion and riot prevail; justice would be respected, where justice is trampled upon; community would be confirmed in its rights; rulers would regard their own majesty, and have their character and station, in turn, regarded by their people. And let the world receive these principles and practice them, as it is yet destined to do, and what would be the result? Anarchy and insubordination would be entirely banished the earth; civil and national institutions now tottering to their fall, would be strengthened and firmly established; religious privileges, now crushed beneath the foot of bigotry, would be renewed and confirmed; social rights abolished by aristocracy, would be granted and warranted; wars and fightings be known no more; vallies and plains, scathed by the spoiler, would be renovated; the song of rejoicing be heard around the hearth-stone of the



now servile peasant; the sons of toil be reinstated into their immunities; the shout of glee dwell upon the orphan's tongue, and the 'widows' heart sing for joy,' and peace and happiness descend from their celestial spheres, and take abode with the sons of men forever. And such, my respected friends, is a vivid, but correct delineation of the effect which the principles of religious knowledge would have, if practiced, upon the world. And may their Author hasten the time when these glorious principles shall be received as the standard of all law and morality; when man shall be universally actuated by them, in his communications with his fellow; and, triumphing over the obstacles which prejudice, bigotry and ill-will have placed in their path, they shall diffuse peace, order and philanthropy throughout the world.

Thirdly. Religious knowledge, while it presents before us principles adapted to the formation of character, also gives us examples of character, actuated by, and formed upon those principles; thus by illustrations, to present and demonstrate to the world their great superiority, and perfect adaptation to the interests of society and mankind.

How brightly shone those principles in every event of the lives of our Savior and his apostles. Inspired from the holy courts of heaven, with the truths which bring 'peace on earth, good will to men,' great was the opposition which it was to be expected they would meet in their promulgation. How were they to meet this opposition? With what were they to conquer their foes? by opposing force to force? by triumphing through the means of brutal violence? No! but by putting into practice the principles of the truths which they came to teach; by evincing in their lamb-like dispositions, and yet absolute fearlessness of all danger, the supereminence of the doctrines and principles they inculcated to the world, over those of their wrathful and vengeful opponents. And most gloriously and most efficiently were those principles illustrated and evinced by their primal professors; firmly, amidst the shocks of persecution, and the tempests of ire, which were directed against them, and which raged around them, like a reed, they bowed, and rose again with renewed faith and vigor, till cut down at their roots they finally withered; but died, in the practice of their principles still, breathing a benediction upon their murderers; praying forgiveness for those who had placed the lever at the foundation of their existence, and thanking God, that the truths they taught, and the precepts they inculcated would remain behind them, and finally become triumphant through the potency of their divine Author.

Lastly, in addition to all the advantages of religious knowledge, which have been enumerated, it gives us the knowledge of our immortality. Yes, it educates us in the inestimable truth, that we were born to die, and yet were born to live. How great, how glorious is this truth! Man, though instructed in all the sublime mysteries of science, though educated in all that pertains to earthly wisdom, if ignorant of this one fact, were ignorant indeed. Faith in this can alone support us amidst the trials and afflictions consequent upon this state of being. Man, in view of this truth, is alone capable of knowing himself, and esteeming

his glorious destiny. Beholding this he sees indeed that he is above the beast, which goeth 'downward to the earth.' Then is he capable of realizing, that, though the 'earth shall melt with fervent heat,' though the sun, that glorious luminary, shall quench in darkness forever, and every star which now glows in the firmament, leave their stations, and forget the paths which they have trod, he, yes, man, shall live; man, through the agency of the all-powerful, shall conquer his foeman—death, and rise triumphant on the wings of life-everlasting, to reign with his God, in eternal holiness and bliss. O! rapturous fate! O! glorious doom! Father of lights and mercies! O! may these before thee be made to feel and the world be made to know, indeed, as thy holy book, the standard of all wisdom, asserts, that 'wise men lay up knowledge.'

Thus, my beloved friends, have I endeavored to place before you, briefly, the principal advantages of knowledge; and what heart, in view of its many desirable qualities, qualities designed to promote the best interests of mankind, society and the world in general, can but perceive that the proposition laid down in the text is correct. Who can but behold in him, who receives and practices the principles of knowledge, a wise man indeed? My friends, as one who professes to have a fellowship with you in age, as well as pursuit, let me exhort you to persevere in the course you have begun. The intellect is the most brilliant gem in the casket of human jewels—the chief and most precious adornment of man; then let us as professors of this priceless gem, make it subordinate to no debasing purpose, let us not permit it to become dimmed by neglect, but let us preserve it pure and undefiled, that we may exhibit it, in all its native beauty and lustre. And let us ever remember that a fair fame is its brightest radiance, wisdom, its best refiner—knowledge its only conservative; and let us, as 'wise men, lay up knowledge.' Amen.

D. J. M.

## PHRENOLOGY.—NO. VI.

### Original.

ORGAN No. 12, is called 'SELF ESTEEM,' because it originates the good opinion which many people have formed of themselves. It is situated between the corresponding organs of love of approbation, in the rear of firmness, directly above inhabitiveness, on each side of the sagittal suture. It induces a lofty carriage of the head, and makes its possessor seek the uppermost seats in the synagogues. Among people in general, it receives the name of pride. It not only gives one a good opinion of himself, but also of every thing which he possesses. Dr. Gall was led to the discovery of this propensity by noticing the peculiar form of the head of a beggar, remarkable for his self-conceit, and who considered it disgraceful to work, and therefore obtained his living by begging. The form of this man's head agreed with that of many other proud persons whose craniums he subsequently examined, and this fact, united with the result of observing the form of the heads of those who were humble, and deficient in self-esteem,



brought him to the conclusion which he afterwards published, and which has since been confirmed by the observation of all.

Dr. Gall became acquainted with a physician, who was an amiable man in many respects, but was so under the influence of his self-esteem, that when called to consult with physicians much older than himself, and more experienced, he always took the precedence, both in going out and coming in, and while there; and would be exceedingly offended if the opinions of others were preferred. Many other singular facts did he discover, which served to establish the truth of his first conclusions.

If the reader is curious to know the form it gives the head when the development is full, he can procure a cast of the skull of the late Rev. George Whitefield, and of Miner, called the Rhode-Island murderer. Either of these casts can be obtained at the shops. And for a marked deficiency of this organ, the reader can examine the head, or the cast of the head, of the French poet, Francois Cordonnier, who was a shoemaker, and a poet, and who acquired great fame by his poetical productions. There can be no mistake about the fulness of the development of this propensity in some heads, and of its deficiency in others. Its strength can generally be detected by the conversation and general deportment of the person. If it is large, the man will be self-important, and will appear to be lord of all things. His language will partake of this spirit, and his conversation will be strongly tinged with the first person singular. Instead of speaking of the great exploits and daring deeds of others, he will attempt to entertain you by a recapitulation of what he has done. His language will be—'I have done—I am going to do—I have this—My things.' And if you mention any thing in his presence and hearing which is wonderful, and worthy of note, he has done or known something far superior. And if his conscientiousness be small, he will often deviate from the truth, if by so doing, he can gain the precedence and preeminence. It has a powerful effect upon all classes of mechanics in this one respect, and inspires them with the belief that they, and their productions, exceed the efforts of every other person. And its effects are discoverable in all the professions.

It is important to mankind. It is only when abused, and is suffered to usurp the throne of the mind, and dethrone the judgment, that it becomes a curse. The following considerations will make its utility manifest. In the first place, it is important to self-satisfaction. The man or woman who is always dissatisfied with himself or herself, cannot be contented and happy. True, if the propensity be large, a great amount of inquietude may be realized; but we now speak of it, as being in subjection to superior qualities.

Further—unless we have a tolerably good opinion of ourselves, others will not have one of us. It keeps us from deviating from right, and from contemning the good things of earth. And it also enables us to put a full valuation upon our families and friends. For when it is greatly deficient, the individual is prone to be dissatisfied with all his associates, and even with his own family.

Self-esteem is larger in the male than female head. And hence women are less sanguine in their opinions, being more willing to give up, and acknowledge themselves in the fault, than men. Hence, too, the female portion of the community have been regarded as being inferior to the males and incapable of receiving an education. And among the Mahometans they were thought to be destitute of souls and unworthy of salvation. But the community are now sensible that this state of feeling results from prejudice, and are beginning to make reparation for past injustice to the finest portion of the creation, by acknowledging their capability, and by giving them a suitable rank among intelligent beings.

We have several anecdotes illustrative of the natural tendency of self-esteem, but these we shall reserve for another place.

Should the parent discover that this propensity is large in his child, the proper course is not to mortify him, but instruct him, and cultivate his reasoning and moral faculties, and his propensities will yield to them, and thus a good share of humility will by him be manifested.

We now come to the consideration of what are termed superior sentiments. These have a tendency to soften and regulate the propensities. They are not peculiar to man, but are possessed by him in common with the brutes, though he enjoys them in a more perfect degree.

ORGAN, No. 13.—BENEVOLENCE. It is situated at the top of the frontal bone, giving bigness to that part of the head, and causing the forehead to be high, and the expression of the countenance philanthropic. Phrenology, as a science, out of the question, every body has learned that benevolent people have high foreheads. The ancient artists were aware of this, and have represented the kind-hearted as having high foreheads, while the mean and niggardly they have painted with the reverse. And writers of note have made the same distinction. Shakespeare makes mention of a 'villainous low forehead.' But who would speak of a villainous high forehead? No one. It would be considered a paradox, by all intelligent observers of nature.

No better description can be given of this organ, than St. Paul has given of charity, in 1 Cor. 13. His language sets forth the true nature of benevolence. To that portion of scripture I refer the reader, for an illustration of what phrenologists call benevolence. And its practical manifestations cannot be portrayed to so good effect in any other language, as in that employed by the Savior, in the parable of the good Samaritan. It is the fountain of sympathy and good feeling, and must therefore be regarded as of unspeakable importance to human happiness.

All must admit there is a great contrast to be seen among mankind. Some are good natured and kind-hearted—others are cruel, selfish, and tyrannical. Some are generous to a fault—others are contracted and proceed according to the principle of the old proverb, 'Get all you can, and keep all you get.' The most kind-hearted are practical illustrations of the correctness of phrenology. It was by observing the form of the heads of persons of this character, that Dr. Gall discovered the location of the organ in



question. The best nurses, and those who are the most attentive in the hour of sickness, have high foreheads. And this rule holds good with reference to brutes. Dogs—horses—monkeys, etc. with full foreheads, are good natured, but those with flat heads, directly above the eyes, are cross. If the favorite horse is full here you may approach him with safety, but if low, be careful of his hoofs.

Beasts of different kinds manifest a large share of benevolence, as history plainly testifies. And they too often are manifestly destitute of it.

In the Caribs, who are void of sympathy, there is a depression at that part of the head assigned by phrenologists to this sentiment. Their history is according to this fact. They are Cannibals. But the Hindoos have large benevolence, which is according to their history.

As this is the fountain of sympathy, it is of importance to mankind and will be so long as we tabernacle in this clay. The importance of its cultivation is therefore perfectly apparent.

ORGAN, No. 14. REVERENCE, is situated directly upon the centre of the top of the head, at that part where is discovered the soft place on the skull of the young child, called the fontinell. The question, is man naturally a religious being, has long been controverted. But the fact, that man in his most degraded condition, has manifested a devotional spirit, and when ignorant of the true object of worship will bow down to the false, fully establishes the opinion, that nature has formed man a religious or reverential being. I have not the opportunity at present to enter fully into a discussion of this controverted subject, and must therefore direct the reader's attention to well known truths.

Dr. Gall's father's family consisted of ten children. And though they were all educated alike, they were quite different from each other. One brother, in particular, was much given to religion, and spent most of his time upon his knees. He abandoned the mercantile profession for which his father destined him, because it interfered with his devotions. The Dr. observed that the centre of the coronal region was fully developed in him, and on observing the same enlargement in the heads of other religious people, he concluded that a great fulness at the centre of the top of the head, indicated strong religious feeling. He was subsequently enabled to confirm this first conclusion by a multitude of facts.

All people whose heads are full at the centre of the top will be strongly disposed to reverence, not only their God, but those also whom they regard as superiors. If the child has this fulness, he will look up to his parents, guardians, and instructors—but if there be a sinking at this place, he will think his own way the best. Women have more reverence than men. Hence they are more religious, and place more confidence in those they regard as being their superiors, and listen with more attention to religious instructions, than men.

Servants with large reverence, will be more obedient than those with small. Those, therefore, who are in the custom of employing persons in this character, may derive much practical advantage from an acquaintance with phrenology. Of itself, it goes blindly

ahead; and if the intellectual faculties are feeble, the possessor is liable to imposition, and to fall down and worship false deities. Instance many of the deluded worshippers of idols. In those countries where every thing gives place to religion, the faculty now under consideration is more strongly developed.

Reverence large, with small benevolence, will make bigots. And its activity is manifested by fervency in devotion. When deficient, the result is, marked neglect of religion. The reader has noticed that some clergymen, who are not remarkable for their powers of mind, are noted for the spirit of devotion which they manifest in their religious exercises. But others, who are men of uncommon abilities, are cold and lifeless, and speak of the great truths of Christianity without emotion. The former have large reverence. The latter are deficient in this faculty. Very often we see people who are given to religious persecution. On examination it will be found that they have large reverence, small benevolence, large destructiveness and combativeness. And this is the form of the head, and the right proportions, for a cruel, censorious, and bigoted believer in endless misery. But when benevolence and reverence predominate, you will find a kind-hearted religionist, who will, like the great master of Christians, go about doing good—seeking to heal the sick, relieve the distressed, comfort those who mourn; and, to worship God in spirit and in truth. D. D. S.

### THE COMPASSION OF THE SAVIOR.

Original.

'And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.'—LUKE vii. 13.

THE portion of holy writ descriptive of the circumstances attending the resurrection of the widow's son, breathes the spirit of sympathy and affection, and proves that the Savior of the world could be touched with another's woe. When we read this account of the manifestation of the Savior's power, our minds are carried back to the very place where the miracle of mercy was performed, and we contemplate the situation of that widow who has now lost her only son.

We can imagine the time when this bereaved first gave away the best affections of her confiding heart, to one whom she fondly loved. Then all was joy and gladness; the sun of peace shone upon her pathway and all was light and comfort.

But the destroyer of human happiness came; he laid upon her bosom-friend his icy hand, and soon the narrow grave received his mortal remains. One son remains to comfort her widowed heart, and to give her support and protection; and to him she clings with fondness, for in him centres all her hopes. How frail are all earthly supports! How uncertain, how transitory are all our comforts! Pale disease lays his withering hand upon the son, he is stretched upon a bed of death; and with him died a mother's hope, her most pleasing anticipations are all crushed, and she is cast upon a cold, an unfeeling world.

The day of burial arrives, but she goes not alone



to the great charnel house; many pity her condition, 'and much people of the city was with her.' On her way to perform the last duty she was permitted to perform, she is met by the Savior, he saw and had compassion on her, he speaks, 'Young man I say unto thee, Arise,' and is obeyed, and the young man is delivered to his astonished and yet delighted mother.

That intolerant and illiberal spirit which will do good to none, except they are members of their own community or nation, will find in this history a severe rebuke. The Lord inquired not concerning her nation or her creed; the widow was in need, and this was sufficient to call forth the compassion of the Savior.

And those also who resist the scenes of sorrow and mourning only to add to the affliction of the suffering, and to take from them their hope and peace, may learn from this circumstance, that in so doing they fail to imitate their Lord and Master. And too many are guilty of such conduct; they take advantage of the season of sorrow, to further their own ends at the expense of human happiness, and sink the mind in deep despair. If the sick and dying man is at rest, they strive to disturb his settled state of mind by terrific representations of the future. If he has hope, they will attempt to take it from him. If his confidence is great, they will make a serious and determined effort to shake it, and if he is well grounded and well supported, they will cut the end on which he rests, that he may reach the tomb amid the howlings of black despair. Let all such learn of the Lord Jesus; let them go to the afflicted with messages of mercies, or suffer them to depart in hope and peace, alone, without a human being to witness their departure.

We are informed in the sacred volume, that our Lord and Master 'is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' If so, he will forever remain the same compassionate, tender, lovely being. All his goodness and mercy, in short, all that rendered the Savior glorious yesterday and to-day, will render him so to-morrow, will render him so forever.

Keeping this in view, think for one moment of that dreadful idea, that the time is fast rolling on when a large part of those for whom the Savior shed his precious blood, will be banished from the favor of God, and cast into a place of never ending misery; that in this place, they will utter groans, and cries and prayers, day and night, which shall have no end; that the groans and cries will be heard by the Almighty, by the Savior, by angels, and by all the saints, and to them, the inhabitants will listen unmoved, un pitying, and unconcerned.

And all this suffering, within hearing, ay, within sight of the blessed, will have no other effect upon them than to lift their voices higher and swell their notes louder and stronger, while they sing the song of redemption.

But is the Savior to behold all this misery, and to behold it unconcerned? He that left his Father, who came to the earth, who wept, pitied, suffered and died even for his enemies, can he ever be where he will see and know the sufferings of humanity and yet be unmoved? If so, he is not the same forever!

The angelic nature has been exchanged for that of the demon; the lamb has been converted into a furious beast of prey.

But admit it to be possible that one soul can be consigned to that abode of suffering, which man has located in the future world, as the residence of his brother; and in that region of despair let the groan of the sufferer be uttered, let the wailing of his condemned spirit be poured forth, and let these groans and these wailings, mingled with the cry of 'Save, oh! save, mercy, mercy, art thou extinguished in the very fountain;' let these reach the vault of heaven, and all the heavenly host would keep silence; the anthem would cease; the voice of praise would be hushed, no hand would sweep the golden lyres, and from the Lamb of God, the angels of light, and the saints in glory, one cry would be uttered; one prayer be offered to the great Father of all, that he would save, save; and the prayer would not be in vain; the fountain of mercy would be open again, the stream of love from the throne of the Eternal, would flow in such abundance, that this place, destined for eternal sin and pollution, would be cleansed, its inhabitants made white in the blood of the Lamb, would join the blood-washed millions in their delighted employment. The song would again commence; hearts mellowed by divine love would sing with the spirit and the golden harps would be attuned by joy and gladness. And then in truth could every creature sing the song of Moses closed with the song of the Lamb.

M. H. S.

Roxbury, 1835.

#### EAGLE FAITH.

Original.

On pinions bold, untired and strong,  
The eagle cleaves the mountain air;  
More nerved with strength when dangers throng,  
Than when crouched in his cliff-top lair.

Above the torrent and the streams  
He soars to bathe in floods of light;  
So let faith bathe her wings in beams  
Of hope's bright sun, o'er sorrow's night.

Soar 'bove griefs streams, where tempest-tost,  
We find of many joys the blight,  
Till, like the morning star we're lost  
In heaven's own pure, glorious light. B.

East Cambridge, 1835.

#### THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.—NO. V.

Original.

IN the preceeding number it was stated that we might, by emulation, incite the pupil to studiousness, and, that emulation was about the only method by which the indifference of the indocile or inattentive scholar, might be removed. In consideration of this position the question naturally arises, What method is best designed to promote this end? To the answer



of this query it is proposed to devote this number. Firstly, will be considered the best means of exciting a laudable emulation in the mind of the pupil, and secondly, the means, after an interest in instruction is thereby awakened, of continuing that interest.

Firstly, the best means to be used in promoting a laudable emulation in the mind of the pupil. Mention is made of a laudable emulation, because, emulation is too apt to come under that definition, when it should be more appropriately denominated envy, or, in other words, it is too often the case, that it exceeds the bounds and meaning prefixed to the term, and degenerates into an inferior and detestable principle, one which overturns and makes subordinate every good feeling of the heart, and which, being evil at the commencement is productive of no good ultimately—namely, envy. The teacher, therefore, while he endeavors to promote in the mind of his scholars a laudable and proper emulation, must be very careful to distinguish between such and the more impure principle. His sole aim should be to actuate his pupils by nought but pure and praise-worthy motives, and while he excites them to excel one another, let him always strenuously endeavour to preserve between them the utmost confidence and esteem. If there are those in his class of superior capacity to the remainder, let him not teach them nor permit them to boast in view of their greater attainments or abilities; and while he holds them up as patterns to those of inferior parts, let him be careful that he does not go too far, and excite feelings of bitterness and ill will; but his object should be by desirable means to produce desirable results, and yet avoid all discord, and preserve the bond of unity and good will. With this premonition we will proceed to discuss the best means of promoting in the pupil's mind a laudable emulation. To emulate signifies to contest in rivalry; and the first point to be considered is, in what is one scholar to emulate or endeavor to excel another? The answer is obvious; plainly, his perfection in duty, his excellency of recitation, application to study, desire of instruction, or, blamelessness of deportment. These are they in which it is desirable our scholars should excel, and these are the things in which, by emulation, we should endeavor to incite them not only to surpass each other, but themselves. And this is not to be accomplished as is generally understood, so much by contrasting to an inferior or inattentive scholar his own deficient scholarship with that of a better and brighter pupil, as by pointing out to him his own capabilities; by showing him that he is the possessor of powers which if applied and used would result in the welfare of the school and class as well as his own interest and advantage. This must, as a matter of course, be accomplished, in a degree, by contrast. To excite to the emulation of an example, we must of necessity, uphold that example, but we should, as much as possible, avoid personality, we should not make the scholar whom we uphold as a pattern to the rest of the class, vain of his acquirements or abilities, nor taunt those who are not the possessors of so much capacity or acquisition, on their deficiency. But we should show them what may be done by perseverance, its advantages and results.

And in doing this, by showing each scholar that he may be able, if not naturally, at least by acquirement, of attaining to the same sphere of excellence as the best pupil of the school, we encourage his mind, depending as it may be, in view of the superior advancement of his classmates, awaken it to a laudable emulation, avoid all cause of envy, and give him reason, if he be at all offended, to be displeased, not with those whose scholarship is better than his own, but with himself, for his want of application. And this is a laudable emulation, to behold the virtues and perfections of others, not with an envious eye, but with the resolve and desire, in view of our own ability, of imitating them. And there is no scholar, however dull and inattentive he may have been, but that may have excited in his mind, in a greater or less degree, this feeling. And it is certainly no method of doing this to dishearten him, but it is a means to accomplish it by placing before him the blessings and results of a good example, and exciting him, in view of a dutiful example, and the possession of means within himself of conforming himself to, and even excelling that example, to a laudable emulation, and consequently, the better performance of his duty. Thus has been proposed, what may be considered the best method of exciting in the mind of the scholar a proper emulation; and the next consideration is, how, after emulation has awakened an interest in instruction, and a desire of attainment, are that desire and interest to be continued? As the best method of preparing the soil has been considered, we will now proceed to a consideration of the means of nourishing it to the promotion of vegetation. The main object of emulation, as must be apparent to all, is the awakening of an interest in the mind of the child for his studies; and the means of continuing that interest are certainly of no less importance than the means of awakening it; let us, therefore, attend briefly to a consideration of the best means adapted to that end. It is apparent that to make any study interesting, it must be made, especially to children, pleasing and easy. And the teacher will find simple illustrations and explanations of essential use in continuing an interest in their studies, in the minds of his pupils. Medicine must be made palatable to a child, or we cannot induce him to take it; and, predicating from analogy, as the incentive of emulation is principally to be used with the indocile or inattentive scholar, to whom study is by nature or habit not congenial, we must ameliorate its unpleasantness. And let the teacher attend to this; let him mingle as much of interest with the task of study, which from nature or inattention may be at first rather loathed by his scholar, as the nature of the case demands, and by patience, self-denial and perseverance, by simplification, illustration and explanation, continue in the mind of the pupil that zeal for instruction which emulation had prompted. Emulation cannot alone work the desired effect; it is only the agent whereby the fire is kindled; and if left to itself, with nought to feed and increase its flame, will, like an ember, expire for want of matter to keep it alive. It is only the medium by which we are to cause the child's attention to be drawn towards his studies, and, this end gained, we must quicken that attention and interest



by cooperating means, by impressing upon his mind the importance of the studies, by making them plain, easy and comprehensible, and constraining the child by motives, which alone can actuate a child; and here, the teacher will find that qualification heretofore treated of, an essential aid, namely, acquaintance with the dispositions of his scholars, in making him acquainted with the peculiar methods and motives, whereby particular dispositions among his scholars can alone be actuated, the only avenue to their hearts. And this qualification will be found of use in aiding that method which has been previously stated, namely, illustration and explanation, as by that means he will be enabled to adapt means to the furtherance of results. Let us, therefore, by making the scholar's studies interesting, simple, plain, easy and pleasant to him, accomplish the end which emulation is the only agent in bringing about. D. J. M.

### THE AVARICIOUS MAN.

Original.

THE man whose principal aim is to acquire money, and who 'maketh haste to be rich,' will hardly cultivate his intellect or his best feelings. In youth he will be overbearing; in manhood he will be cruel and tyrannical; in old age, he will be griping and deceitful. Many are the subterfuges to which the avaricious have recourse, to hide the heartlessness of their natures. Have they poor relatives; they will be liberal in giving away their advice, because it costs them nothing. They will turn off the needy with good words, if they know they are observed; but when unwatched they will give him reproof for bread, and railings for raiment. They will always contrive some way to convince the world that they have done their duty; and their own consciences are still more easily satisfied. For the lust of gain is the most potent destroyer of conscience. Walter Osgood was a youth of rather dull parts, and of a most ungenerous disposition. His parents unwisely cherished his selfish propensities. They taught him to hoard up every cent that he could lay his hands on; and on no account, to part with a copper without receiving its equivalent. The veteran who had fought the battles of his country, the struggling laborer with his large and needy family, the houseless child with its emaciated countenance, were objects which Walter was taught to despise, because they were not possessed of money. He was instructed to seek an acquaintance with the wealthy, and, on all occasions, to profit by their generosity, when it should be in his power. By these means he had hoarded up a considerable sum by the time he came of age. He commenced business on a small scale. He was at his shop early and late, and a light might be seen in his chamber until near midnight, where Walter sat, planning ways to increase his store. He read no books but those which treated on the road to wealth. His bible was allowed to lie neglected on his shelf from the beginning to the close of the year. He went, indeed, to church, to keep up appearance, but there his mind was continually planning the means of adding to his possessions. He, at length, thought it desirable to

seek him out a wife. He sought not one who was adorned with meekness, and whose conversation was of that better world, where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal; but he aimed to unite himself to a bag of gold, with a woman thrown in as a make-weight, or as a deed of the property. Such being Walter's fancy, he looked long and circumspectly before he could find one that came up to his ideas of excellence. He, at last, discovered a young heiress whom he singled out for his allotment of womankind. The only difficulty in the way of his union with her, was that the lady herself was far from being ready to reciprocate his choice. She early saw through his designs. She had sense enough to perceive that he had none, and virtue enough to despise his utter heartlessness. Her parents, on the other hand, who, being older, were more worldly and calculating, thought it an excellent opportunity for their daughter to make her market. They said Walter was a steady, industrious, thriving man, just such an one as was calculated to make their daughter happy, and were, therefore, determined that what they called her girlish whims, should have no part nor lot in the decision. The sorrowing girl told her mother she would as soon be tied up to a pillar of gold for life, as to be united to a man whose whole soul was bent on the accumulation of riches; and whose head was as empty as his purse was full. Her mother replied, that girls did not know what was best for themselves—that 'young folks thought old folks fools, but old folks knew young ones to be so?' 'You are very silly?' said the old lady, 'to say you cannot love this man. Love is all an idle fancy. Marry him first, and then let the love come afterwards. I never loved your father until after I married him. I could love any man that would support me comfortably, and let me have my own way.'

But all the arguments of her parents were insufficient to persuade the steady girl that Walter was any thing more than a self-interested and heartless intriguer. Her father, at last, by the advice of her mother, laid his commands upon his daughter, either to marry Walter, or seek a home elsewhere. The poor girl then obeyed. She was led to the altar, like a lamb to the sacrifice; and never smiled more. Walter now had obtained the hand of an inestimable young woman; but he knew that with it came a handsome fortune. The fortune he loved dearly, but the woman was to him a burthen, because he was obliged to maintain her. She had not to complain of harsh treatment at his hands. She would have been glad of even an occasional reproof to break the ice of his everlasting indifference. Money was his god, and he had no room in his heart for the love of nature's first, best gift to man. Such a parchment-hearted wretch could not be alive to the wants and desires of the sex. He never proposed any recreation; never brought her any of those little presents which win the gratitude of the warm-hearted companions of our journey, because he should be obliged to go to some expense if he indulged her with them. If, perchance, he walked abroad with her, which was very seldom, he strode silently and swiftly forward, almost dragging her after him. She was left to pine, in dreary loneliness, in the joyless mansion to which he had



introduced her. If she invited an acquaintance to beguile the solitude of her heart, he entered the house with a frown, and if he deigned to discourse, it was on no other subject than that of making money. 'Oh!' cried his unhappy wife; 'that I had married a beggar! were he but possessed of the least spark of intellect—had he but a heart, I could be happier in the smoky hut, than in a palace with such a soulless and insipid being!' This situation of things continued until she grew melancholy. Her parents died, too, and Walter came into possession of her heritage. He cared less and less for the woman who had brought him this great acquisition to his fortune. She languished in confirmed melancholy and despair. He now began to conclude that she was too much expense to him. He contrived to get her removed to an asylum for the insane, where she should no longer require his attentions, and where a trifling annuity would render her independent of him. This was an unlooked for stroke, and the unhappy woman did not long survive it. Walter was very glad when he was thus relieved from what he considered a mere bill of expense. He went on adding house to house. He oppressed his tenants, and ground the faces of the poor, in every shape. His fortune accumulated rapidly. His ships were seen in every port. But in the midst of his prosperity, the scythe of death hewed him down. His property went to his heirs, and he was never thought of more, excepting as an oppressive and avaricious worldling.

### DESPISING THE POOR.

Original.

'But ye have despised the poor.'—JAMES ii. 6.

CHRIST taught the only correct system of morality with which mankind have ever been favored. Those sages who have been said to embody the wisdom of ages have done but little towards compounding a system worth the support of community. A Socrates, a Plato, a Xenophon, and a Seneca, had each their imperfections; but not so with Christ; he was without spot or blemish.

In the system which he established, eighteen centuries have been unable to discover a blemish. So far from this, as knowledge progresses, the more exalted does it appear. The profound moralist has been unable to better one of his precepts—and whenever they are compared with the systems of the great and wise, they shine with refulgent glory.

Christ laid the axe at the root of the tree; and every principle which bringeth not forth good fruit shall be hewed down, as being opposed to his moral government, and cast into the fire. The system which he taught was to affect the heart—to renew the inward man—to eradicate every particle of vice, so that the creature might in reality be delivered from bondage, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. In order to accomplish this glorious object, he taught those important truths which if rightly understood, would cause us to behold in every member of the human family, our companion and equal. He repudiated pride as being detrimental to the well-

being of society. He taught that humility was profitable unto man, and well pleasing in the sight of our Heavenly Father. His precept was—'He that exalteth himself shall be abased, while he that abaseth himself shall be exalted. Similar to this is the language of Solomon—'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' Pride ever appears disgusting and contemptible in the sight of true wisdom. We are aware that many contend that a little pride is useful to man; prove this, and by the same reasoning I will prove that a little sin is necessary in the 'kingdom of heaven.'

Pride in all its forms is destructive to human happiness. It is an inordinate and unreasonable self-esteem. Now I would ask of what should man be proud? To be rich? Is he learned? Has he the command of many servants, so that he can say to one go and he goeth, to another come, and he cometh? If so, he can only say as said one of the sons of the prophets—'Alas, master, for it was borrowed.' All that we have was lent us by our Creator, and to his name be the glory.

Heathen philosophers have contended for the necessity of pride, and their every action serves to convince us of their sincerity. Each prides himself upon his greatness, and makes use of it in oppressing those who have been less favored by nature or education than himself.

Pride has justly been said to be a mark of a little mind.

'Of all the causes which conspire to blind  
Men's erring judgment and misguide the mind,  
What the weak head with strongest bias rules  
Is pride the never-failing vice of fools.'

But it was not unto heathen sages as philosophers, that the apostle James addressed these words, 'But ye have despised the poor.' No, it was unto professing christians. Hence it appears that even in the earliest age of christianity, there were those who had respect unto riches. This the apostle condemns, and says—'If ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin.'

But had this respect of persons been confined to the earliest ages of christianity, it would be unnecessary to write an article upon this point at this late day. We are convinced that many professing christians continue even at the present day to despise the poor; and we have thought a few remarks of this kind would not be uninteresting.

But, is it asked, how we may know when a man despises the poor? We answer, whenever he is found attempting to take from the poor those blessings which would raise them to their equal rank in society. The most effectual method whereby we can render a man miserable is to take from him the keys of knowledge so that he will cease to respect himself. Deprive him in any way of the means of improvement, and he will have just reason to consider that you despised him, that you had no respect to his wants. By taking from him those things which are necessary to his moral improvement, you in actions, exalt yourself to his abasement.

For the well being of society, it is necessary that there should be some equality among its constituent



parts. He, therefore, who attempts to destroy this, despises the poor.

He who pursues a course which prevents his neighbor from rising to his proper station in society, despises him.

He who attempts to defraud his neighbor by taking advantage of his ignorance, says explicitly, 'I despise my neighbor.'

But there is one class who despise the poor, and who think that they are thereby doing God service. We refer to those agents who take from the poor, to sustain the benevolent operations of the day. There are societies in our land, which justly deserve the name benevolent, yet if it be improper to cast the children's bread to dogs, it is improper to ask those who are unable to give their children a suitable education, to contribute to their support. Why, permit me to inquire, should a man give of his substance to the education society, when unable to give his own family a judicious education? Yet all know that this is frequently the case.

How many times do these agents refer to cases where people have made great sacrifices of the necessities of life, in order to emulate their auditors to do the same.

How many times have we been told of a poor widow, who busied herself until nine o'clock, in order to obtain a bare subsistence for herself and family, and who washed after that hour, until she earned thirteen dollars to pay into the funds of the Home Missionary Society? And how many times of the pensioner, who gave four-fifths or nine-tenths of his pension, for the same cause? But enough; unto such agents we would say—If christianity be not a fable, and the words of the apostle James a dead letter, 'Ye have despised the poor.'

W. W.

### IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.

Original.

How grossly ignorant many people are of the Bible, and the great truths it contains! Notwithstanding this is called a land of bibles, and a Christian country, there are many among us who are so totally unacquainted with the scriptures, as to quote with great warmth and triumph, in defence of their assumed positions, some of the antiquarian proverbs, for the language of holy writ. But a short time since two men were conversing upon the subject of the immediate abolition of slavery, when one, to prove his argument of divine origin, used this language—'Every tub must stand upon its own bottom, as the scripture says.' And it afforded some amusement to the ministers who were listening to the conversation.

On hearing this supposed passage of scripture adduced, I was reminded of the question proposed to one of our aged preachers by an elderly matron, a member of a Unitarian church. The question was—'Mr. B. what do you think of this passage of scripture—In Adam's fall we sinned all?' The preacher replied—'The next verse will explain it, sister. What is the next verse?' earnestly interrogated the old lady. The answer was—'The cat doth play, and

after slay.' 'La!' said she, 'I did not know that come next. How plain that makes the whole!'

On relating the foregoing in the presence of a friend, he observed that it reminded him of the person who related his or her trials in a church meeting, and spoke of a disposition to stray from the fold, and wander from God, which brought forcibly to mind the passage—'Goose, goose, gander, where shall I wander.'

We may smile at this apparent ignorance of the bible, which is associated with by-gone days; but is it not obvious, that many who belong to churches, and profess a great regard for the divine oracles, are grossly ignorant of the heaven-born sentiments they contain? And do not plain, stubborn facts, which fall daily under our observation, drive us to the conclusion, that many professors of religion are not certain whether they quote from the bible, catechism, or church creed? And would it not be well for those who talk so much about the value and importance of the scriptures, to consult them more frequently than they do, and familiarize themselves with the doctrine and precepts they contain? Candor, reason, and common sense answer in the affirmative.

So long as ignorance of the sacred volume prevails, false doctrine will abound. And in the same ratio that they are read and understood, correct opinions and feelings will flourish and prevail in the world. The Lord hasten the day when his word of truth and life shall be planted, and bring forth fruit in every soul.

D. D. S.

### LINES ON THE CORPSE OF A CHILD.

Original.

METHINKS as I gaze on thy marble brow  
Thou ne'er were half so beautiful as now;  
That beauteous smile which still doth stay  
On thy placid features, doth seem to say,  
That thy little heart did beat with delight  
The moment ere thy spirit took its flight—  
Released from its fleshy and binding load,  
It winged its way to the arms of its God.

Image of rest and peace, fair child, thou art,  
No more shall arouse the pulse of the heart  
To beat 'gainst its cell with the throbs of pain,  
No more shall sad tears thy fair cheeks stain,  
And ne'er thy voice with cries of sorrow swell,  
For bright spirits of bliss now guard thee well;  
And now encircled with the arms of love,  
Thou art as free from storms as the arched dove.

We will weep no longer, loved one, for thee,  
For thine now is a home of purity;  
More safely shielded from all rude alarms,  
Than when thou reposed in thy mother's arms,  
We give thee up with a hope to regain  
Our loaned jewel, in that high world where pain  
The eye of the redeemed doth never dim—  
Where the voice sings ever a joyous hymn.

East Cambridge, 1835.

B.



## RELIGION.

## Original.

THE fanciful stories of the pleasures of sin have hurt pure and undefiled religion; too much gloom and darkness have been cast over the pathway of holiness, and men have, and do, look on a religious life, as being something of a melancholy character, differing from the proper discharge of the duties of life; when religion has more to do with the present, than it has with the future world. And while it unfolds to our mental eye the realization of our ardent longings after a holier, and happier future existence, it gives unto us the most perfect rules, by which to guide our feet into the path of peaceableness in this 'present evil world.' The precepts and examples of Christ were given to deliver us from evil. And by imitating his course of life, and obeying his commands, we are happy. And it is the bright star of glory to the christian religion, that it has given to the world the most perfect and excellent code of morals, eminently suited to produce universal peace and good will among men, unite them together as a band of brothers, whose banner is love.

Disrobe religion of the terrors and mysteries with which men have clothed her, present her as she came from heaven, arrayed in spotless white, emblem of light, innocence and loveliness, bearing in one hand the olive branch of peace, and with the other pointing up to heaven as the home of her love, whence she derived her mission, let her but be seen as she is, and men will admire, love, and become her friends; take her as their companion through the path of life, and find her to be, like a true friend, the brightener of happy hours, the comforter in sorrow, and the bright herald of immortality at the approach of death.

## PLEASURE.

SHE sits a queen in her palace hall,  
Her bright regalia glowing;  
The young, the gay and the lovely, all  
Watch for her beck, and list for her call;—  
She waves her wand,  
And a gladsome band  
Come with music and laughter flowing.

Her pastime splendors come over the sight,  
Like the dreams of a fitful slumber;  
Nor astral ray, nor sun-beam bright,  
May pierce the hall with their lucid light;—  
Hours hasten along  
'Midst frolic and song,  
But their flight there may no one number.

Because the sun has a tell-truth ray,  
He's shut from the magic wonders;  
The lights that dazzle, and dance, and play  
On her mirrored walls, and her tapestry gay  
Are the meteor's gleam,  
The torch's stream  
And the flash that wakes the thunders.

Her beauteous things from the grasping hand  
Fall, glittering in hopeless ruin;

In deeper charm, then she dips her wand,  
Anew baptises the votive band;  
With peerless wile,  
And a dimpled smile.  
'Heed not,' she cries, 'what time is doing.'

To her ruby lips she lifts her shell,  
And blows such a strain of pleasure—  
Oh! the choral lay in the spring bird's dell  
Is sad to the joyous, the warbling swell,—  
New vista views,  
Of rainbow hues,  
Ope to the vision like untold treasure.

Mists, like a shiny, tinsel veil,  
Spread o'er the changeful vision;  
One prayer I breathed, for the light of day  
To sweep from the vision those mists away;—  
Broke was the spell,  
My filled cup fell  
Like a bauble crushed in my heart's derision.

The shadows of evening were lengthening out,  
When I rushed from the phantom glory;  
Memory awoke at my tears to flout,—  
The heartless song, the laughing shout,  
Echoed along  
Like my youth's death-song,  
And uttered its fatal story.

Thy palace stands, Enchantress fell!  
Tomb of my brightest hours;  
Thy witchery now and thy wiles I'll tell,  
I'll warn the world of thy fatal spell,  
How false is all  
In Pleasure's hall,  
And the luring maze of her circling bowers.

Such was the tale of a hoary head,  
Who has numbered his days, and is with the dead.

## HAPPINESS.

THOSE who, in pursuing their various occupations, have gathered in their journey through life all the happiness which it can afford, have not proposed happiness as their end. They aspired to some object more precise, more definite, to which, had it been necessary, they would have sacrificed happiness itself. It is thus they proceed on their pathway through life. Not only is the search for happiness illusory, but it retards us in the pursuit of what is valuable.

The impossibility of forming to ourselves a clear idea of happiness is the reason that our imagination substitutes pleasure in its stead.

Nothing of an earthly nature when closely considered, can fully satisfy the soul.

This number closes the first half-year of the volume. Our matter is not exhausted. A number of choice articles are on file for the subsequent numbers, from our best correspondents.



# PRAISE TO THE CREATOR. HYMN 35.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, BY A. DOTY.

From all that dwell below the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise arise; Let the Redeemer's name be sung, Thro'

ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue. E - ter - nal are thy mercies, Lord, Eternal truth at-

tends thy word, Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more, Till suns shall, &c.

# RESTITUTION. HYMN.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADIES' REPOSITORY, BY A. DOTY.

**AIR.**

Come then, O my soul, meditate on that day, When all things in nature God's voice shall obey; When the trumpet shall sound the



Halle-lujah.

dead all arise, Ascend up together with God in the skies. Hallelu - jah! O, hallelu - jah! Amen, Hallelu - jah!

## ROXBURY.

WORDS BY REV. HOSEA BALLOU, 2D

When dread misfortune's tem-pests rise, And roar through all the darkened skies, Where shall the trembling

pil-grim gain A shel-ter from the wind and rain; With-in the cov-ert of thy grace, O Lord, there is a

hi-ding place, Where, unconcerned we hear the sound, Though storm and tem-pest rage a-round.

When, wandering o'er the desert bare,  
Of burning sands, and sultry air,  
We've sought the cheerless regions through,  
But found no stream to meet our view,—  
'Tis then the rivers of thy love,  
Descending from thy throne above,  
Supply our wants, and soothe our pain,  
And raise our fainting souls again.

When in a weary land we tire,  
And, all unnerved, our powers expire,  
With toil, and care, and heat oppressed,  
Where shall our languid spirits rest?  
O, who could bear the blasting ray,  
And all the burden of the day,  
Did not a rock in Zion stand,  
O'ershading all this weary land!